The Outlook

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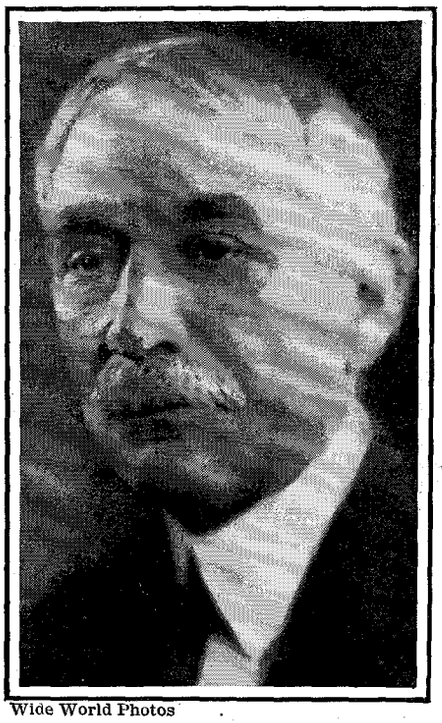
Two Big Jobs to Do

THE two diplomatic posts which are just now, for Americans, perhaps the most difficult in the world have been filled by the appointment of men who have not previously held official diplomatic position, but who none the less are diplomats. Edgar Addison Bancroft, of Chicago, goes to Japan and James Rockwell Sheffield to Mexico. The former will have to meet some difficulties newly made, the latter some that are old and apparently everlasting. There are reasons for believing that President Coolidge could hardly have chosen more wisely than he did. Each of the appointees has shown qualities of mind and of personality peculiarly desirable in the position to which he is now called.

Between the two men there are many resemblances. Both are by profession lawyers. Neither has been an office-seeker or, except incidentally and for a little while, an office-holder. Both are of Mid-West breeding, Bancroft a native of Illinois and Sheffield of Iowa. The one stayed home for his life-work, the other came East. Perhaps the places of their education influenced the selection of the places where they settled down to work. Sheffield went to college at Yale and later studied law at Harvard. Bancroft was educated at Knox College, that typical small college of the Middle West which is supposed to be the original of George Fitch's "Good Old Siwash." The sterling quality of small-college training is, apparently, exemplified in this alumnus of Knox. A degree in law from Columbia was, however, added to his college training.

Aside from his law practice and some important business connections, Mr. Bancroft has been an investigator of social problems. He has written books on the importance of moral sentiment in international settlements. He knows, from innate sympathy and from experience, how to adapt himself to the ways of people unlike his own.

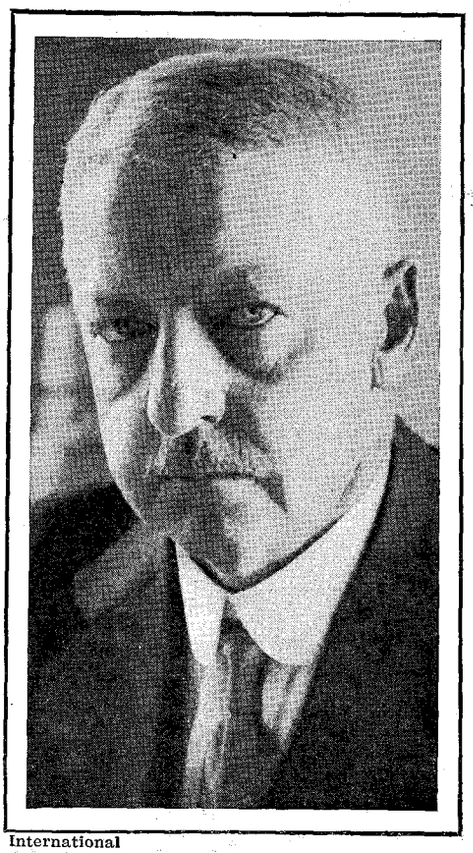
Mr. Sheffield has been successful in a large way in legal practice in New York City. He has been active in politics, but as an adviser rather than as a candidate.



Wide World Photos

Edgar Addison Bancroft, the new U. S. Ambassador to Japan

An organization Republican, he has managed to remain independent not alone in political judgment but in political action.



International

James Rockwell Sheffield, the new U. S. Ambassador to Mexico

He was an earnest and outspoken supporter of Mayor Mitchel, a Democrat, in his last campaign. Outside of the law he has held positions to which popularity based on character is prerequisite. He has served as President of the Union League Club and of the Republican Club. Politically and professionally he has been closely identified with Charles E. Hughes, now Secretary of State.

To predict large success for a diplomat is, in these difficult days, dangerous. It is within the facts, however, to say that these men possess qualities which should bring them large success in diplomacy.

Peacemakers With Their Feet on the Ground

A LITTLE group of men from three nations sat down in Washington the other day to adjust differences between two of the nations. It is the American-Mexican General Claims Commission, and the sessions, it is expected, will continue for at least two years. Claims pending between the United States and Mexico and between their respective nationals since 1868 will be carefully reviewed and adjusted. The third nation represented is Holland. Dr. C. van Vollenhaven sits as presiding commissioner, an arbitrator from a disinterested country.

Secretary of State Hughes, in giving a welcome to the Commission, spoke of it as "an emphatic demonstration of our devotion to the cause of peace." Continuing, he said:

> That cause triumphs not so much in ambitious programme or in counsels of perfection, not so much in expression of ideals, however important these may be, as in the practical work of removing causes of difference and in providing just settlements. These furnish the tests of our professions and the measure of our achievements. The convention under which you are organizing as a commission is a document in every line of which breathes the spirit of justice. No international document of recent years has more fully demonstrated that the highest national interest lies in maintaining the supremacy of the principles of international law, justice, and equity.

It is not too much to believe that our Secretary of State has here laid down

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a great American doctrine upon which for the future our relations with the other nations of this hemisphere at least will be based. It may well be the doctrine, practical and almost universally applicable, upon which to base our relations with all nations. "We feel," said the Secretary, "that we are entering upon a new era of mutual confidence."

Revolution Again in Central America

"OFF again—on again"—that seems to be the history of revolutions in Central America. The latest outbreak which has occurred in Honduras was only a few months removed from the previous political disturbance; in fact, the country had not yet been established on a new constitutional basis following the civil war of last spring. The exact cause of the new uprising is somewhat clouded, although it seems to be the result of the personal differences and political animosities which remained among the leaders of the previous trouble. A new President had not yet been elected; nor had certain revisions which were to be made in the Constitution been adopted.

An American "soldier of fortune," said to be the original of Richard Harding Davis's Captain Macklin, who has been participating in Central American revolutions in various countries for a number of years past, is reported to be chief of staff to General Gregario Ferrara, the leader of the revolt against the Provisional Government. This filibustering adventurer, one Jefferies by name, is said to have taken part in revolutions in Costa Rica, Salvador, Panama, and on previous occasions in the country where he is now operating, Honduras. He was on the staff of General Ferrara in the uprising a few months ago. As a rule he has not had to wait long "between revolutions."

When the pact of Amapala was signed on a United States warship off the west coast of Honduras early last May, with this Government as well as the other Central American Governments participating in the conference, it was thought that Honduras was pointed on the road to peace, and that the bloodshed and devastation, with great economic and financial loss, which had taken place, would be an animating motive to rest and quiet. But the political animosities engendered seem to have been too strong an incentive to further fighting. The Presidency was the glittering prize on which rival eyes were fixed; and if it could not be obtained in one way it might be obtained in another; if not by peaceful means, then possibly by another political upheaval in the country and resort to arms.

Little actual fighting seems to have taken place in the present disturbance; and one report has it that this is due to the fact that each side knows that the other is well supplied with arms and ammunition. On this account, instead of resorting to the open arbitrament of arms and the field of battle, each is playing a game of strategy, moving pieces about like the pawns on a chessboard in the hope of entrapping the enemy in some tactical blunder which will result in his checkmate.

In the meantime the United States, which is most desirous of seeing peace established on a permanent basis in Central America, has been watching the situation closely and waiting for what appears to be the psychological moment before acting. The conference on Central American affairs which was held at Washington last year resulted in the signing of a treaty by the representatives of all five republics in which they agreed, among other things, not to recognize in any of the other countries a President who should have obtained the power by means of a *coup d'état* or revolution.

This agreement, it was thought, would have a tendency to discourage, if not entirely to prevent, revolutions in that part of the world. Honduras, however, did not wait long after signing that treaty, although her Congress had not yet ratified it, before staging one of the most destructive and sanguinary revolutions which had taken place in Central America for many years. It is believed, nevertheless, that eventually the agreement not to recognize leaders in those countries who gain control of the Government through revolutionary means will wipe out that form of political effort.

America Withholds Action

THE plan to elevate the turret guns of thirteen capital ships of the United States Navy is to be, for the present at least, abandoned. Word to this effect comes, though not by direct statement, from President Coolidge. As the proposal to elevate the guns had never been a definitely established policy of the Government, its temporary abandonment did not require a formal statement.

Great Britain, it will be remembered, was said to have protested against the plan to increase the range of our guns. The statement that such a protest had been filed was made in Parliament. Secretary Hughes was at the time in Europe, and our State Department declined to discuss the subject in his absence. No full or clear statement of the protest has ever been made.

It is very likely that this protest did not have a determining effect on the decision of the President. It is made clear that he does not regard abandonment of the project as the surrender of any rights under the agreement on limitation of armaments. He hopes to call another conference for further limitation of armaments, and he especially desires to avoid any action at this time which might tend to start competitive naval building. President Coolidge and Secretary Hughes very likely would have decided against elevating the guns even if the British Government had filed no protest. Congress, at the end of the recent session, declined to appropriate money for the work. The plan was originated and put forward by specialists of the Navy Department. Spokesmen of that Department, however, were at pains to say at the time of the British protest that the wishes of the Department of State would be deferred to cheerfully.

The President's decision is doubtless in line with the Harding-Coolidge-Hughes policy of promoting a frame of mind in America which will tend to progressive reductions of armaments. The elevation of the guns was not, after all, a matter of supreme importance. We have surrendered no right—and we remain firm in the belief that we have the right under the treaty to elevate the guns of our ships when necessary.

The Privy Council and the Boundary Question

OUR attention has been called by Sir Robert Borden, the distinguished former Premier of the Dominion of Canada, to an inaccuracy in recent editorial comment in The Outlook upon the report (really a decision) of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in Great Britain as to the pending questions as to the Boundary Commission provided by

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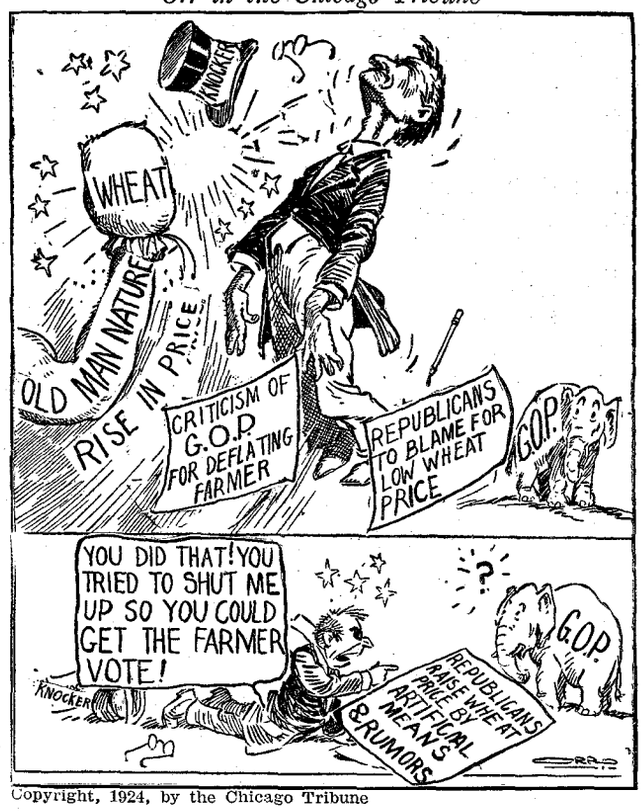
Methinks his flesh is punished

(Merry Wives of Windsor, Act IV, Scene 4)

Cargill for the Central Press Association

When "Night-hood" was in flower

Orr in the Chicago Tribune


KNOCKER
WHEAT
OLD MAN NATURE
RISE IN PRICE
CRITICISM OF G.O.P. FOR DEFLATING FARMER
REPUBLICANS TO BLAME FOR LOW WHEAT PRICE
G.O.P.
YOU DID THAT! YOU TRIED TO SHUT ME UP SO YOU COULD GET THE FARMER VOTE!
KNOCKER
REPUBLICANS RAISE WHEAT PRICE BY ARTIFICIAL MEANS & RUMORS
G.O.P.

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The Uppercut.—You can hardly blame him for thinking an elephant kicked him

From Jane Hart, Janesville, Wisconsin

Marcus in the New York Times

Hard going.—She: "Now make some speed, Calvin!"

From Mrs. William T. Crandall, Norwich, Connecticut

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

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If grandpap could only return with some of his discipline

From Mary E. Hughes, Gloversville, New York

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the "London Treaty" under which the Irish Free State was founded. Following incomplete cable news despatches, we stated that the King passed the questions over to his Privy Council. We said that this was a most unusual thing, since the Privy Council has come to have functions altogether ceremonial; we said further that it indicated a desire to relieve Parliament of the necessity of action.

That comment was quite incorrect, because the facts on which it was based were not as reported. Sir Robert Borden informs us that "the British Government, acting, as is customary, in the name of the King, referred to the Judicial Committee certain purely legal questions respecting the interpretation of the Irish Free State Agreement Act."

This is quite a different matter. It is true that the Privy Council as a whole is called together extremely rarely, and then on such ceremonial occasions as the beginning of a reign, and that, as the Encyclopædia Britannica says, "the name is to-day given collectively to a large number of eminent people whose membership and position are titular only, . . . the true Privy Council is the Cabinet." But under acts of William IV and later its Judicial Committee (and two or three other committees) were established, and are maintained by appointments under its provisions. The Judicial Committee in particular not only sits as a court of appeal in important matters, and especially those relating to the outlying dominions, but has original jurisdiction in questions concerning boundaries between dependencies—which touches very closely the matter just laid before it. As Sir Robert remarks, it is interesting to know that of the five members of the Judicial Committee who sat in this case, two were from the United Kingdom, one a retired Judge from India, and the other from the Dominion of Canada and Australia.

What the Committee Decided

SINCE we previously referred to the Boundary Question and the Privy Court we have received and read the full report of the Judicial Committee. It answers categorically in the negative questions propounded by the Government, deciding that a Commission not including a member from North Ireland would not be competent to fix a boundary; that the Crown could not legally instruct the Governor of North Ireland to appoint a member—the appointment must be by the North Ireland Government (that is, its responsible Ministry), not by the Governor nor by the Crown; that there is no constitutional method of bringing the Commission into existence so long as the Ulster Ministry refuses to act; and, finally, that if once the appointments are made a majority would rule, but that the question whether in a Commission of two the chairman would have a casting vote is immaterial because under the previous answers the case could not arise.

In short, as we previously inferred, there is no solution but new legislation by the British Parliament (or a new treaty between the two Irish Governments and Great Britain, which would require ratification by the British Parliament) if Ulster declines to join in the Commission. English papers regard the issue as one which will seriously concern Mr. MacDonald's Ministry this autumn.

The Dawes Plan: German Ratification

TO the great surprise of every one, the German Reichstag has passed the legislation enabling the Dawes Plan to be put into operation, and has done it, not by a bare sufficiency, but by an amply voted acceptance. This was due, doubtless, first, to the conviction on the part of the Nationalists, who had been blocking the necessary laws, that continued blocking would mean no international loan to Germany; second, to the prospect that, given the favorable vote, some Nationalists would find Cabinet offices; and, third, to the Chancellor's agreement to include in a proclamation thanking Reichstag members for their favorable votes an explanation of the Government's attitude concerning the question of "war guilt." The phrases finally used run as follows:

> The statement made by us in the Treaty of Versailles, under overwhelming pressure, to the effect that Germany had let loose the World War through her aggression, is contrary to the facts of history. The Government does not recognize this statement. It is the just demand of the German people to be freed from the burden of this false charge. Until that is done, and so long as a member of the Comity of Nations is branded as a criminal to humanity, no true understanding and reconciliation among the peoples can take place. The Government will take an opportunity of bringing this declaration before the notice of foreign governments.

Much good may this do Germany!

Immediately following the passage of the German legislation the agreements and treaties carrying out the Dawes Plan were signed in London by the agents of the various Governments concerned.

The Dawes Plan: American Co-operation

COINCIDENTALLY the Reparation Commission announced the appointment of Owen D. Young, of New York, to the post of Agent-General for Reparation Payments. Mr. Young will be able to serve in this capacity only long enough to organize the work, when he will turn it over to another American whose name has not yet been made public. On September 1 the first 20,000,000 gold marks in payment on 83,000,000 gold marks to be placed at the Agent-General's disposal during September by the German and the Allied Governments was paid. Towards the middle of September another twenty million is due from Germany. The French and Belgian Governments are to turn over to the Agent-General the proceeds from their administration of the Ruhr. If the entire 83,000,000 marks has not been made up in this way, Germany is to supply the balance.

Other Americans who have been drafted to carry out the Dawes Plan are Henry M. Robinson, of Los Angeles, who, together with General Dawes and Mr. Young, formed the American delegation in the Committee of Experts which met at Paris and Berlin from January to April last. Mr. Robinson, it is believed, is to be Chairman of the Arbitration Committee for the consideration of Germany's possible future defaults in case the Reparation Commission is unable to agree concerning them. Another American arbiter, it is announced, is Clarence Mott Woolley, President of the American Radiator Company, who is expected to take up arbitration in money transfer disputes. Still another American is Gates W. McGarrah, Chairman of the Mechanics and Metals National Bank in New York City, who will be the American member of the German Bank of Issue Board. Upon him will also fall the duty of naming an American member of the Transfer

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Committee in addition to the head of the Committee, who is Mr. Young.

What with General Dawes, the Republican Vice-Presidential candidate, as the head of the Committee of Experts, America is thus playing a leading part in the preparation and prosecution of an epoch-making plan.

And not only this. It was the "last call" to Germany to desist from evasion and to pay her just dues. Secretary Hughes, in his recent visit to Berlin, it is said, unofficially reminded the German leaders that the Dawes Plan constituted their last chance for their country's rehabilitation. No wonder, then, that Admiral von Tirpitz and his Nationalist colleagues, though they displayed red tickets in the Reichstag (red being for rejection of the proposed legislation and white for acceptance) actually slipped white tickets into the ballot-box.

P. & A. Photos

A miracle saved this man during a recent hurricane—Quartermaster F. Owens of the Arabic, who was swept off the ship by a giant wave and then swept on again by another

The Wave Still Rules

It is not often that a sixteen-thousand-ton liner limps into New York Harbor with a ten-degree list. That was the way, however, that the Arabic came into port after an August storm. She was minus four of her life-rafts and one lifeboat. Nine other lifeboats were crushed in their davits—even portions of her heavy rail had been carried away.

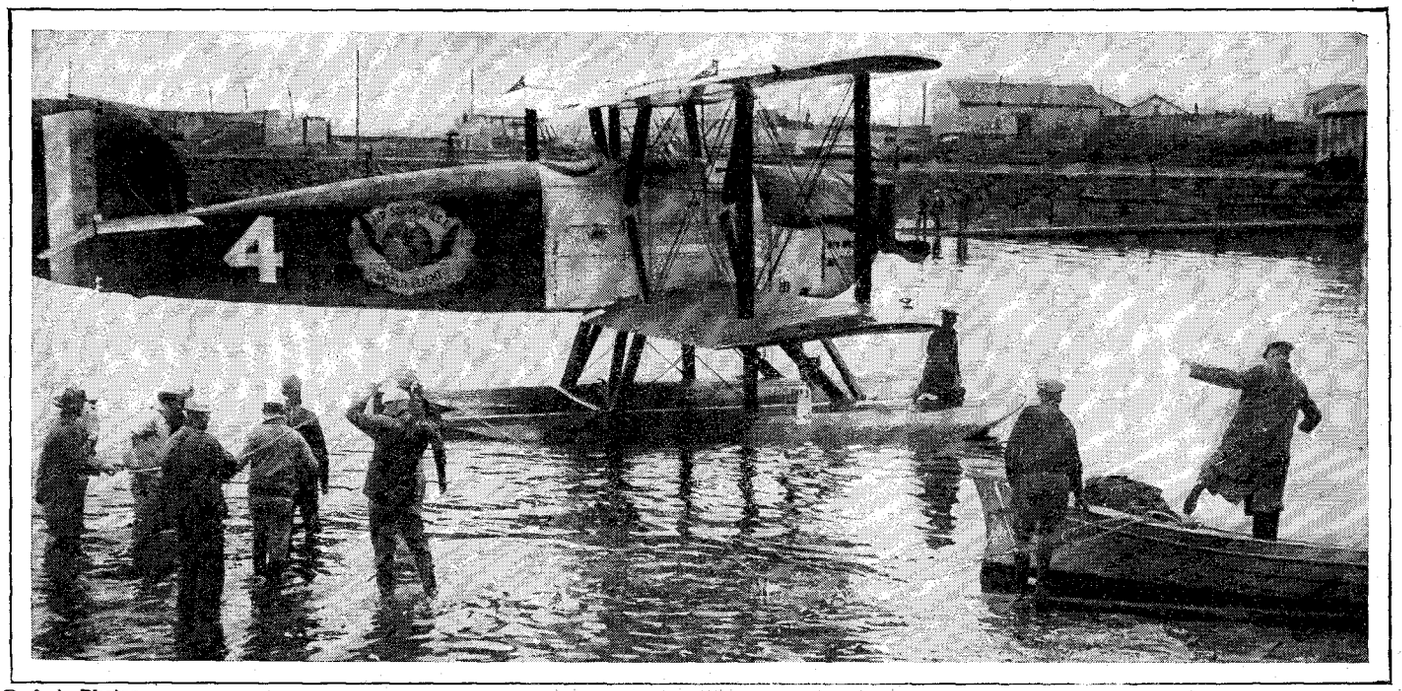
The Arabic had sailed from Halifax to meet a storm sweeping along the coast from its birthplace in the West Indies. In the height of the gale a giant wave crashed broad on the starboard bow, putting the Arabic almost on her beam ends and sweeping her decks with solid water. The sea burst through her ports with such force as to carry away the partitions between staterooms and to wrench loose the furniture bolted to the deck in the dining saloon. When the ship docked, over thirty persons were still in the surgeon's care as a result of the battering of the sea. One of the deckmen had an astonishing though not an unprecedented escape. Swept from one deck by the onrushing water, he was landed by another sea on the deck below.

From the newspaper accounts—which are subject to landlubberly error—the captain of the Arabic did not heave to—that is, put his vessel head to the wind—until after the decks of his ship had been swept. The old problem of how long to hold on seems still to exist even in this day of giant ocean liners. Some of the fastest of the old clipper captains were men who made their passages without loss of spars and rigging. Their motto was not that of the old sea captain who said, "When the Lord wants me to reef, he will blow something away." The courage shown by the best captains in carrying sail was evidence of their real knowledge of the true capacity of their ships.

There are times, of course, when a shifting wind creates a dangerous cross sea which no vessel can meet head on. It may have been such a sea which shook the stanch Arabic. It was due to the able and heroic services of the Arabic's officers and crew that she went through her trial by storm without loss of life.

Americans Girdle the Earth by Air

Around the world in the air! It has been accomplished. From the Pacific coast of North America back again to the Atlantic coast of North America aviators of the United States have flown



P. & A. Photos

The United States round-the-world fliers in Iceland—American sailors hauling Lieutenant Nelson's plane ashore at Reykjavik, Iceland, for repairs, with Lieutenant Smith standing beside the boat directing operations, and Lieutenant Harding on pontoon of the plane

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in the pursuit of the sun. A new thing has been done, a new record of determination and of achievement made. There remains now only the formality of traversing the familiar aerial ways of our own continent to write finis upon a high adventure. Heroic endeavor takes new forms as the world becomes more and more subdued, but heroic endeavor does not end or deteriorate. While man is man he will strive to do the difficult things which, though they may not be of immediate utilitarian importance, keep humanity jogging upon its upward way.

There have been few more difficult feats than that which our airmen have now about completed. All those dangers of tropic jungle and of frozen tundra known to our old explorers have been faced and conquered. And new dangers that no old adventurer ever knew have been made acquaintance of and overcome. The price of achievement the airmen paid in battered bodies and sometimes in broken hearts. There have been delays greater than could have been anticipated. There have been times when failure loomed. But at length the thing is virtually done, and there are few achievements in our National chronicle of heroic exploits in which we may feel a deeper or a juster pride. The practical fruits of it will be gathered through the future.

Shall We Always Have Coal Smoke?

WHEN coal is burned, a large amount of unburned products go up the chimney and contribute to the great atmospheric pollution of our industrial centers. Those of us who suffer from the general sense of the hopeless uncleanliness of things which results should rejoice to learn that we are not the only sufferers. For the products that go up the chimney and are lost are highly valuable constituents of the coal—hydrocarbons built up from water and carbon dioxide by plants and trees that thrived in the carboniferous days of at least fifteen million years ago—and are now being thrown away in immense quantities by a modern world of industry.

But a recent trend of thought which has increasingly realized the extent of this great loss has resulted in a development known as the low-temperature carbonization of coal. If one asks what this is, he might be aptly told that it is the carbonization that is not accomplished by the use of high temperatures. The latter produces gas, coke, and tar. Low-temperature carbonization, because it does not break down the many intricate molecules of the hydrocarbons produced in nature's laboratory by means of the chlorophyl of plants, which were later destined to become coal, produces a smokeless and solid fuel quite suitable for domestic and industrial purposes; also a small amount of gas, a comparatively large yield of tar, motor fuel oil, and ammonia.

In This Advance Europe is Ahead of Us

THE rather new process described above has not yet found great lodgment in America, a single plant existing in the Ford industries and in one or two other places. In Europe, however, and especially in England, it is rapidly taking hold.

A ton of a suitable grade of soft coal, carbonized in a closed retort at a temperature of about 1,100 degrees Fahrenheit, produces about 1,500 pounds of smokeless fuel, 15 gallons of tar, and about 3 gallons of "motor spirit."

It is anticipated by research chemists that the logical outlet for this new method of avoiding smoke and waste in America will be in its application to those varieties of bituminous coal which refuse to coke. Of these there is a vast quantity available in this country.

For some time past several of the periodicals of the technical press which have connection with the great fuel-consuming industries have devoted considerable space to the discussion of this advance, which, while it would probably result in the saving of their dollars, would also tend to result in the saving of our laundry bills, not to speak of our tempers.

A Bad Beetle

A SPECIES of fly now being cultivated in colonies of from fifty to one hundred thousand larvæ each may prove the solution to the problem of the Japanese beetle, which is now devastating truck patches, farms, lawns, golf courses, and forests over a stretch of 2,500 square miles, covering parts of three States. If it fails, as other insect parasites of the beetle have failed, to thrive in this climate, it probably will be necessary to add parts of at least three additional States to the Federal quarantine area next year and to launch the most intensive and far-reaching campaign in history against the depredations of a "bug."

The Japanese beetle is now in the ninth year of its American invasion. The area of infestation was estimated at less than half a square mile in 1916. Last year it had increased to 700 square miles. Roughly, it has been increasing its area three and a half times a year. If this rate of progress keeps up, it will mean that nearly 9,000 square miles of land will be infested by next summer, and in order to maintain effective quarantine over that area a much larger section of country must be guarded.

Officials and scientists of the Federal Department of Agriculture and of the State Departments in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware are waging a year-round war against the beetle, which has been under way for some years. The real fight, however, is only under way during the growing and harvesting seasons, when the roads are alive with trucks carrying tons of fresh produce to market. Last year, with 150 men in the field, the battle waged by the entomologists to prevent the transportation of the beetle or its grubs was a heartbreaking struggle, but it was child's play compared to the conditions now being fought in the three States named.

A Pest Like a Forest Fire

FIGHTING the rapid spread of the Japanese beetle is very much like the fighting of forest fires in States where the service is loosely organized. It is necessary to hire men wherever they can be found, and only exceptionally hardy and loyal men survive. The Bureau of Entomology of the Department of Agriculture in co-operation with each of the infested States is guarding roads in the quarantined area night and day with a force that shifts in number between 300 and 450. It is being so hard pressed by the necessity of guarding even the back roads that nothing short of a catastrophe gives the force any relief. A bridge burned in Pennsylvania a while ago drove traffic to other crossings and simplified the task of inspection.

State police have been sent to the aid of the harassed special inspectors. But the truth is that there are not enough men available to make the quarantine absolute while some growers persist in trying to violate it. The beetle's natural rate of progression is about eight miles a year. A motor truck will carry grubs or full-grown beetles fifty to a hundred

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miles or more in a day, and a passenger car much farther. Until complete co-operation of the produce growing and buying public is obtained Federal officials admit that the beetle will continue to spread. Even this year authorities considered extending the quarantine.

Two laboratories for the study of the life habits of the pest are now in operation, one at Holmesburg, Philadelphia, and another, the experimental station, across the Delaware at Riverton, New Jersey. The dexiib fly larvæ are being delivered every few weeks to the Riverton plant. The tachinid and tiphia groups, tried in preceding years, have failed so far to make any impression on the beetle population. As matters stand now, it is apparent, officials say, that unless some altogether unexpected discovery is made of a way to stop the beetle the little bronze insect will sweep over the greater part of the country. In some sections climate may stop it. In others the scientists hope to have a counter-infestation on the heels of the beetles within a year or two that eventually will reduce it to endurable numbers. The fly now being bred at Riverton gives promise of great aid in this direction.

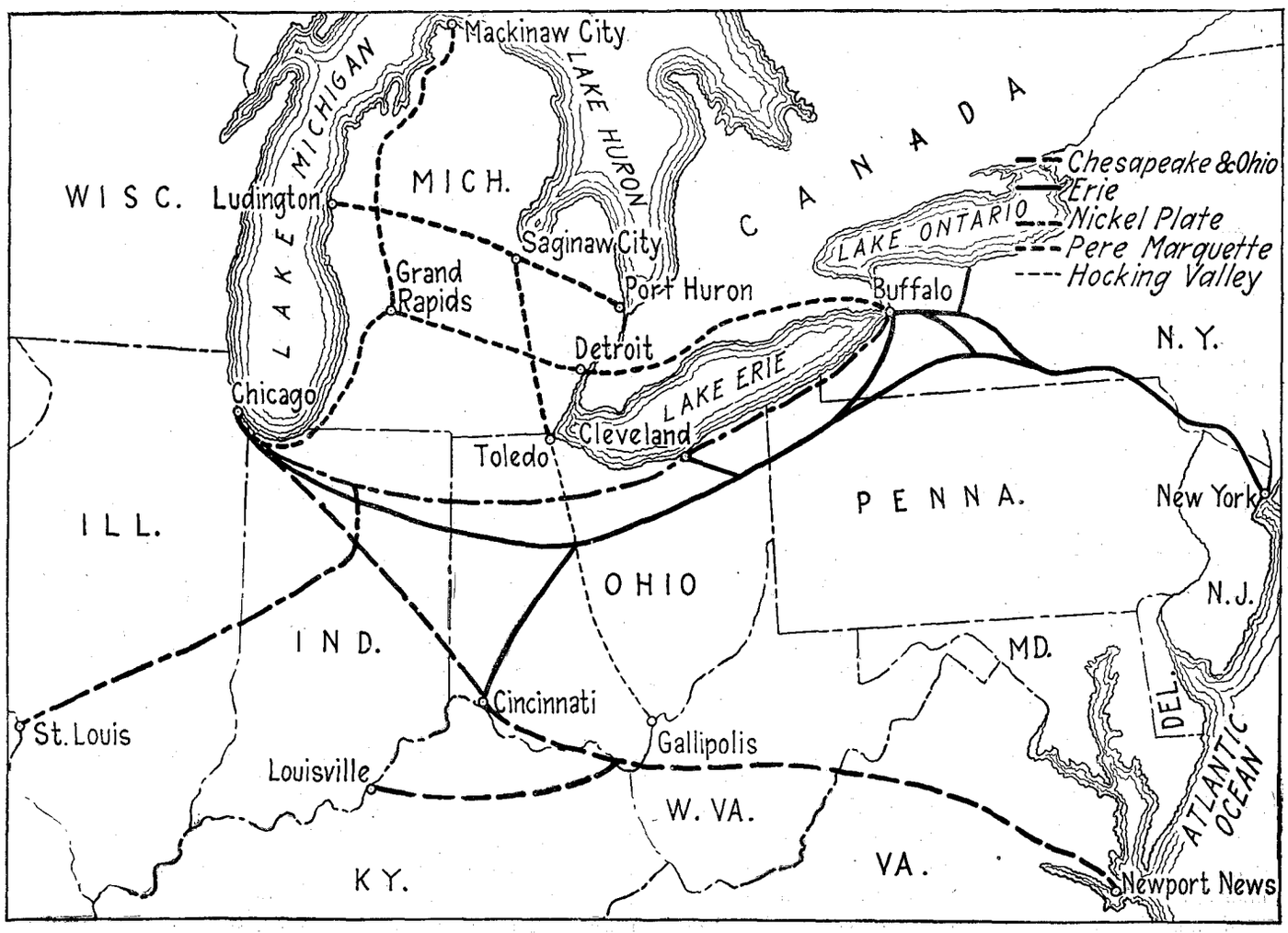
A Gigantic Railway Merger

THE most notable event in the development of the Transportation Act of 1920 has just occurred in the merger of five railways—the New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, popularly known as the "Nickel Plate," the Erie, the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Hocking Valley, and the Père Marquette. These roads include a total of over fifteen thousand miles of track and represent total assets of more than $1,500,000,000.

The new system extends from New York, Newport News, and Norfolk on the east to Chicago and St. Louis on the west, including such points as Rochester, Buffalo, Erie, Youngstown, Akron, Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, Port Huron, Saginaw, Bay City, Fort Wayne, Indianapolis, Dayton, Louisville, Cincinnati, Charleston, Roanoke, and Richmond. The new system will have the second shortest road between New York and Chicago and the shortest line between Buffalo and Chicago.

Unified control and operation of the properties will be directed by Messrs. O. P. and M. G. Van Sweringen, real estate and railway leaders of Cleveland, who recently acquired the "Nickel Plate," consolidating it with the Lake Erie and Western and the Toledo, St. Louis, and Western Railways. Soon afterwards they acquired a controlling interest in other systems.

Stockholders of the five companies are to be invited to deposit their shares for an exchange into stock of the new corporation. No serious obstacle is anticipated, as the directorates of all five companies favor the terms proposed. With this acceptance assured, the Messrs. Van Sweringen will then seek final approval of the merger from the Inter-State Commerce Commission. It is true that the consolidation does not follow the tentative plan of trunk-line mergers at first proposed by the Commission. Perhaps it may object because the consolidation includes competing systems. However, there will still remain the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, and the Baltimore and Ohio systems. It will be remembered that one aim of the Transportation Act of 1920 was to bring about



The network of lines in the proposed rail merger

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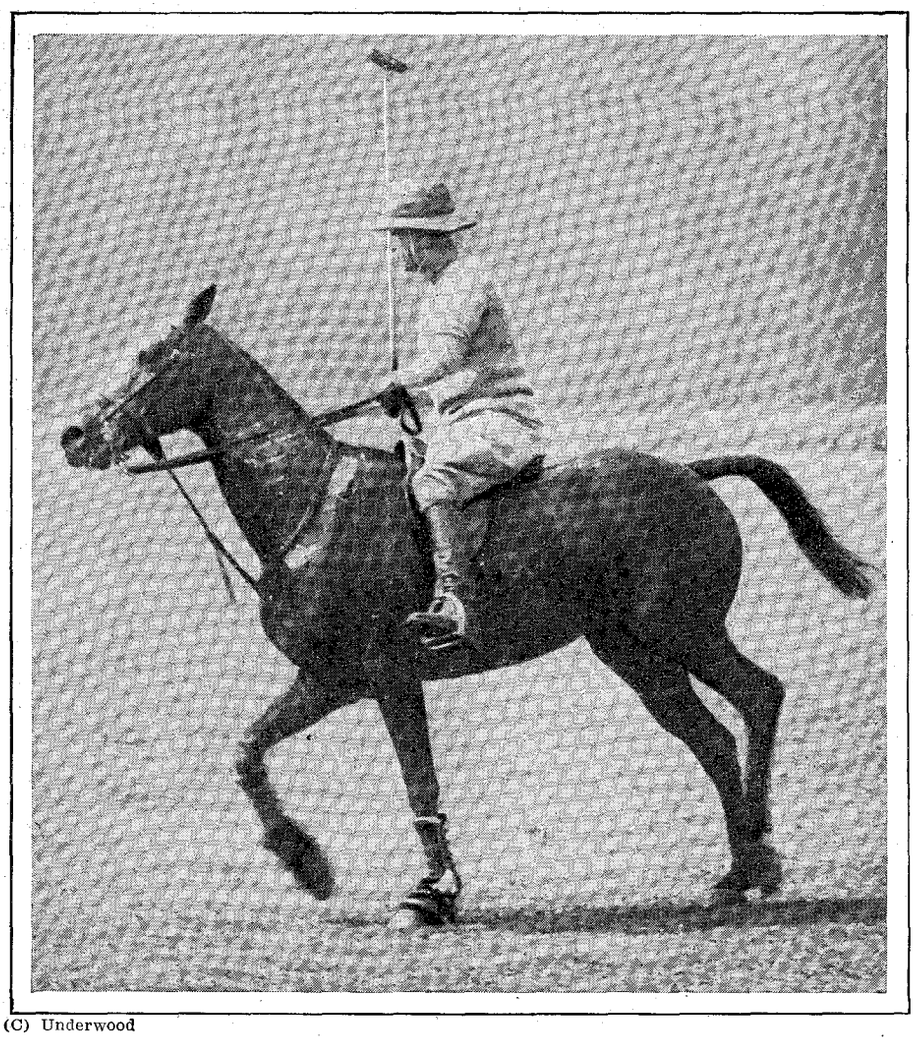

(C) Underwood

The Prince of Wales playing polo in an informal game on Long Island, shortly after his arrival in America

the merging of the railways east of the Mississippi into several systems.

The present consolidation marks the greatest railway realignment since the days of the late E. H. Harriman.

Blood Tells—But What?

EXCEPT that one horse outran another for once, nothing was settled by the race at Belmont Park in which Wise Counsellor, an American horse, beat Epinard, the French champion. Even the old question of whether Arabian is superior to Barb as foundation stock—whether the deserts of Asia Minor are more than the deserts of North Africa the original home of speed—is as far from answer as ever.

Epinard and Wise Counsellor epitomize a conflict of opinion centuries old. Thoroughbreds both, they do not trace to a common ancestry. Since the Crusaders brought the hot equine blood of the desert home with them to western Europe the Barb has contributed most to the building up of the French thoroughbred and the Arab to that of the English thoroughbred. It follows, therefore, that the French thoroughbred is one thing and the English thoroughbred, identical with our own, is quite another thing. Each has always claimed superiority. Neither has ever conclusively proved it.

Americans, however, may be pardoned a measure of conceit in believing that, having improved on the English thoroughbred, they have now the greatest racing stock in the world. We have just now beaten the French champion. Only a few months ago our Zev defeated the English champion Papyrus. We can afford now to let the English and the French continue the war of opinion as of old—we need have no "entangling alliances" with the Old World.

But to gain this position we have brought to the front an old conflict of our own—the Eastern horse against the Western horse—and, thus far, the West appears to win in a walk. (On the American race-course, be it remembered, the West begins at the top of the Appalachian Mountains.) After Zev had beaten Papyrus a comparatively unknown Western horse ran the winner off his feet. Wise Counsellor, the victor over Epinard, is of Kentucky breeding and lineage.

So, leaving European horse quarrels severely alone, we have our hands full of our own sectional differences. Shall the blue grass basins of Kentucky and Tennessee be permitted to continue in the belief that their race horses are the greatest in the world? And, if not, who is going to convince them to the contrary?

The Prince at Play

THE Prince of Wales is in the United States, not on any mission. He is playing—taking his ease. That is almost, if not quite, a new thing for the United States. Many princes have come to our coasts, and some kings, but they came on missions, real enough if sometimes indefinite. Most of them felt the urge of some sort of duty—at least the duty to know their neighbors better. The Prince of Wales is on vacation, having a good time, nothing more. For a prince, he is doing his playing democratically. And who is to say that he is not doing a greater service for his country than if he were on a mission of service? Men understand men with whom they play better than men with whom they work. When this young prince is Edward VIII of England, his playtime in America may help him more than pretentious visits toward an understanding of the other great English-speaking country.

Wanted: The Reasons Why

SEVEN million odd new voters will have a chance to cast their first ballots at the coming Presidential election. A political writer (who is also a political organizer) solemnly proposes to carry most of the States of the Union through the aid of these first-time voters. He points out that New York has 660,000 youngsters coming up for the ballot this year, while the average majority in the State, one way or the other, is only about 150,000. He believes that practically all of these young people can be voted one way. "Is the America of the Constitution," he solemnly asks, "good enough for Young America of to-day?"

Young America will answer that question in its own way on election day. And that does not mean that an army of seven million new voters will march to the polls to cast a solid vote under any one emblem. The America of the Con-

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stitution, we may remember, was an America which paid due heed to the rights and opinions of minorities as well as of majorities. The founders of our country did not contemplate an America in which citizens new or old would think alike or vote alike.

The chief danger from our new voters will come, not from any possibility that they will all turn to one candidate or another, but to the fact that they are much more likely to keep on voting the same ticket that their fathers voted before them. We suggest that it is not too early for this year's new crop of voters to begin investigating their reasons for the votes they expect to cast in the fall. Each new vote ought to represent something more than mere ancestral habit. New voters might start now to compile a list headed "Ten reasons why I shall vote for ——." From that list should be strictly barred any reference to the political habits of fathers and mothers.

The Vulgarest Thing in America

THERE was a time when seaside resorts relied upon sea serpents for their chief summer amusement and for their means of bulldozing newspapers into giving them a little free advertising. There was not much variety in the accounts of sea serpents off the shore, but at least the tales did no more harm than to alarm the credulous and bore the sophisticated.

Nowadays some of the resorts seem to have adopted a form of advertising which combines a maximum amount of sophistication with a minimum amount of brains and imagination. We are thinking of the beauty contests which provide cheap copy for illustrated newspapers and motion-picture reviews.

We can think of nothing better designed to develop a false point of view in the minds of the youthful contestants for these beauty prizes than the notoriety which is given to them in the press and film. These contests lack the wholesomeness of almost any kind of athletic contest, for victory is given for something which has no relation to achievement or skill. They set up Mack Sennett as a standard of customs and manners; they touch nothing which they do not degrade. Young America could with profit leave such affairs well alone and confine its efforts to contests in which the development of character, courage, and skill is the reward even of those who do not attain the coveted first prize.

The Demon Barber

THIS is a literary age of satire, and every novel, play, and story is a satirization of something. The past is especially funny to novelists and playwrights, and anything connected with Queen Victoria becomes a source of hilarity. The old American drama "Fashion" has been broadly burlesqued, and now an English melodrama, "Sweeney Todd, the Barber of Fleet Street; or, The String of Pearls," by George Dibdin Pitt, is most amusingly presented in New York. Whether or not we accept the statement on the programme that this was the first play to be given at a "command performance" before Queen Victoria, the method in which it is now enacted makes tolerable and highly entertaining a drama which would be too absurdly gory if it were given as its creator probably intended.

Sweeney Todd, we are told, was a real person, born in the last half of the eighteenth century. A false imprisonment and a long sentence so embittered him against the human race that after his liberation he sought vengeance against mankind. The alluring possibilities of a barber-shop seized his imagination, and he perfected a chair which could be made to lower his lathered customers into the cellar. Once they vanished below, they were never seen again, although dreadful hints—or more than hints—are given as to their fate. It will be enough to say that next to Sweeney's was the shop and bakery of Mrs. Lovett, famous all over London for her veal pies. It was asserted that a nefarious partnership existed between the neighbors!

Black but astute villains, noble but stupid heroes, a modest and lovely heroine, play out their parts. In the end, virtue triumphs and the Demon Barber is led away to the punishment which, so it is said, was recorded about him in the Newgate Calendar. (A search through that venerable record of crime has, so far, failed to reveal to us the name of Sweeney Todd. But perhaps we did not know his alias.) The performance is made especially enjoyable by the musical interludes—almost every one, except Sweeney himself, obliges with a song, and he does fully as well with his diabolical laugh. All the characters parade before the curtain, to be dutifully applauded or hissed by the audience. The acting of Mr. Percy Baverstock, first as the cockney master of ceremonies, before the rising of the curtain, and next as the incredibly Chesterfieldian and innocent Colonel Jeffrey, was as delightful as anything we have seen in the theater this year. Many of the characters, with their costumes and the stage settings, look pleasantly like the illustrations in Dickens's early novels.

A Letter or Two

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

IN The Outlook for August 20, under the title of "A New Hot Weather Sport," I related some of my sadly humorous experiences in trying to get a dictionary definition of Mean Temperature. As an illustration of the trials which the layman of average education has to endure when he tries to get scientific information from the dictionary, I cited the confusion into which I was plunged in my attempts to get the facts about two very common objects of domestic life, namely, the house-fly and the house-wren. It is always dangerous to try to be playful in print. But I certainly did not mean to be so elephantine in my capers as to step on anybody's toes. The following cry of exasperation, however, indicates that I have committed that inexcusable *faux pas:*

Gd. Ledge, Mich.,
Aug. 20, 1924.

Lawrence F. Abbott,
Contributing Editor of The Outlook.

Dear Sir—I read your article in the issue of this date. I wish to congratulate you. It is seldom that a man can write entertainingly upon a subject of which he knows nothing whatsoever. I trust you will be able eventually to learn something from your dictionary, but of natural science you make it painfully evident that you have, as yet, learned nothing. Entomology is a science and, like every science, it has its technical terms of which you may doubtless learn something if you ever attempt study of the science. I am sorry that no portion of the mantle of

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the great Dr. Abbott fell upon you. We purchase and peruse The Outlook for instruction and entertainment. But of entertainment of this sort we have quite enough, and as for instruction it is quite unnecessary that you parade the fact that you know nothing of scientific terms or terminology.

Fraternally yours,
DANIEL STRANGE.

I can only say in reply to Mr. Strange's greetings that I was not trying to conceal my ignorance. I was trying to expose it, with the hope that somebody would enlighten me. My fraternal friend from Michigan does not give me any information at all, except about myself. What I really want is information about mean temperature, and house-flies, and the house-wren. Some of this I have received, however, and am very grateful for, from another correspondent, whose letter gives me pleasure because it assures me that my confusion as to "scientific terms or terminology," which my Michigan friend finds so culpable, is shared by the scientists.

Emmetsburg, Iowa,
August 21, 1924.

Dear Dr. Abbott:

There are further mix-ups in the dictionary: You use the Standard. You quote it as saying that the wren "is a troglodytine bird, especially of *Troglodytes* or a related genus," etc. "*Troglodytes troglodytes* is the common Old World wren." And so on to "Bewick's wren (*Thryothorus bewicki*) and the Carolina wren (*Troglodytes ludovicianus*)." Now my Webster says the common Old World wren is *Nannus troglodytes*. And, whereas your dictionary gives Bewick's wren as *thryothorus bewicki*, Elliott Coues in his "Key to North American Birds" gives *Thryomanes bewicki* and the Carolina wren as *Thryothorus ludovicianus*, in which Ridgway's Manual agrees, while Chapman in his "Birds of Eastern North America" names the Carolina wren as *Thryothorus ludovicianus ludovicianus* and Bewick's wren as *Thryomanes bewicki bewicki*. So the doctors differ.

Sincerely,
LE ROY TITUS WEEKS,
Instructor on Birds in The American School of Wild Life Protection.

Since I have no fixed opinion on scientific matters, being perfectly willing to let my beliefs in matters of science rest upon pure acts of faith, that is to say, upon the acceptance of the infallible authority of the doctors, criticisms of my own poor views do not trouble me. But in politics—that is another matter. I have some very decided opinions of my own, based upon history, study, experience and reason; and so I take the following letter quite seriously:

Los Angeles,
August 19, 1924.

Dr. Lawrence F. Abbott,
Contributing Editor The Outlook,
New York City.

Dear Sir—I have read with a great deal of interest your article "Kill the Umpire" in the latest Outlook [issue of August 13], and admit that it presents the "high Tory" position very admirably. Do you not think, in all justice, that there is a good deal to be said on the other side?

For example; it is easily within both your and my recollection that the Supreme Court on a certain occasion found an income tax law Constitutional by a five to four vote, adjourned for the summer recess, and on its reconvention, by the same vote found the same law to be unconstitutional. Nor is this a solitary instance of such inconsistency, though I of course admit that they have not been very frequent.

The British Government has managed to worry along now for several hundred years, with no high court to pass on its laws after once enacted. It is customary to say this is because they have an "unwritten constitution," but to my mind that simply affords greater latitude and more opportunity for abuse than a written constitution does. It is probably true that, as a matter of fact, Marshall in his day did a good deal to expand and liberalize the application of Constitutional principles, and that some things were settled to our advantage which might have been either slower in settlement or even might have been entirely prevented. But right does come from wrong, however paradoxical that may sound in the saying. For instance, California is undoubtedly a better influence for civilization than it would have been if it had not been unjustly taken from Mexico seventy-five years ago.

Now, the simple truth is that the Constitution of the United States erected three co-ordinate branches of the Government, and by the course adopted by the Supreme Court under Marshall, it has become superior to the other two branches. There are in any Congress more able constitutional lawyers (in number) than the entire personnel of the Supreme Court, and it is not hard to imagine some of them as surpassing the minor figures of that court in ability. For example, to speak somewhat at random, Shiras, McKenna, Taney, occur to my mind as examples of Justices whose abilities were not what could be called commanding. Why should not Congress pass on the question of constitutionality? The English Parliament does so, and, while the House of Representatives may average a little below the House of Commons in ability, the superiority of the Senate over the House of Lords ought to counterbalance this; and, besides, beyond both houses stand the President and his advisers. Moreover, I am quite convinced that both Congress and the President would exercise greater caution than they now do if the matter of constitutionality were left to them, as was the undoubted intention of the framers of the Constitution. Courts exist for the interpretation of law, and in no other country that I know of does a court undertake to set aside a law properly passed by the constituted authorities in legislation.

Moreover, beyond the question of legality, which is clearly against the present practice, it is in my opinion, and in that of many others, presumptuous for any set of nine men, however eminent, to take upon themselves the right to set aside the action of several hundred of their fellow-citizens taken after long debate and careful consideration, most of whom are usually men trained to the law. And further, the President is nearly always a lawyer, and has the advice of the Attorney-General of the United States and his staff in considering the merits, legal and otherwise, of any bill. I am not a supporter of Senator La Follette in this campaign, but I have for many years been convinced that in this particular he is right. I cannot claim to be an "eminent" lawyer, but I did at one time follow that profession for a short while. Personally, I regard the claim of any court of the right to pass upon the constitutionality of a duly enacted statute as an invasion of the rights of the legislative body, and an usurpation of authority.

If, however, this right is to be continued, surely it ought at least to be required that it be exercised only upon unanimous, or at the most a two-thirds, vote of the entire court. Certainly it is a power which ought not to be exercised by a bare majority.

In view of the facts above set forth, your title to your article is certainly not fair. "Kill the Umpire" is the cry of an excited mob. The demand for the curtailment of the power of the Supreme Court in this regard is based upon the original provisions of the Constitution (a fact which you practically admit in your article), is supported by British practice, and is, even its opponents must admit, supported by much of reason and justice. Better write us another article which shall fairly set out both sides of the question.

Very truly yours,
F. C. REID.

I have never been called a "high Tory" before, and I decline to plead

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guilty to the accusation except in the sense once given to the obnoxious term by Mark Pattison, the rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. He advised one of his students who was going up to London to enter political life to "vote with the Whigs, but dine with the Tories," the Whigs at that time being the radicals of the day. I profess to be a liberal, and hope I am one. But I am also a conservative in wishing to defend and preserve certain fundamental principles, no matter how we may progress in the application of them. I wish to be, as President Coolidge once advised the Senators of Massachusetts to be, "as radical as science and as reactionary as the multiplication table." Undoubtedly the Supreme Court has defects because it is a human institution, and all human institutions have defects. But if we are to abandon the Supreme Court because the British Government has no Supreme Court, and give Congress final power in legislation without any check whatever, as my correspondent seems to think the British Parliament has final power, we ought logically to abandon the fundamental principles of the Constitution and recreate the United States under an entirely new form of government.

As a matter of fact, the Constitution provides that the Federal Government shall consist of three independent parts—the legislative, the judicial, and the executive. The Fathers evidently foresaw the dangers of supreme legislative power, for they put restrictions upon it. Congress, for example, cannot amend the Constitution without the consent of the States, and the original Constitution forbade that any amendment should be made prior to the year 1808. There are no such express prohibitions placed upon either the executive or the judicial branches of the Government. My correspondent says: "I regard the claim of any court of the right to pass upon the constitutionality of a duly enacted statute as an invasion of the rights of the legislative body, and an usurpation of authority." How would he deal with a conflict between an act of a State Legislature and an act of Congress? If he carries his theory of legislative supremacy to its logical conclusion, he must believe in supreme State sovereignty, and therefore in the right of secession. This was the philosophy of Calhoun.

The possible despotism of the Supreme Court is, in my judgment, fully met by the provision of the Constitution that the Justices are to be appointed by the President "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate." Even if this protection is not sufficient, the Nation can by amendment to the Constitution cure the Constitutional defect of an act passed by Congress. This is what happened in the case of the income tax to which my correspondent refers.

I still think that the last thing we want tampered with is the Supreme Court, and that for this reason Senator La Follette, whatever good he may have done in the State of Wisconsin, is a dangerous man to follow in his philosophy of Constitutional Government.

Austria on Her Feet Again

Talks with the Austrian Premier and with the Foreign Minister

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

"SEE it with your own eyes. I emphasize that 'see,' for you have no longer to take any one's word about Vienna. Look for yourself. You can see that Vienna is coming back. It may not be quite the old Vienna yet. But, I assure you, it is a great deal more like the old Vienna than it has been."

So remarked the alert and able Foreign Minister, Dr. Alfred Grünberger, to me the other day in his official sanctum over in the Ballhausplatz.

Vienna has always seemed almost a fairy city to those who love it, while to all it has a peculiar charm. It speaks to you at once of the serious and of the light touch in life, of Brahms songs and Strauss waltzes—contrasts, yet both Vienna products. It speaks to you of an aristocratic and cultivated society, of a profound art instinct, of generous but not gormandizing living, of people who take plenty of time for both work and leisure. As, in other days, you have walked through the splendid Ringstrasse and have noted the popular joy at the stunning military parades (there are now some 12,000 soldiers left!), or as you have witnessed all sorts of rollicking delights in that great pleasure-ground, the Prater, you have seen that the average man gets a good deal of diversion. Vienna impresses stranger and citizen alike as a pre-eminently livable town. With both her name has become a synonym for happy, light-hearted, and wholesome well-being. The other day, far from here, I heard a little lad say in his mother tongue: *"Ich möchte wieder nach Wien gehen"* ("I want to go again to Vienna"). That has been the sentiment of those who have once known this city.

Hence when, some years ago, the Viennese were struck down by starvation, every one who had been in their city had a special shock of horror and a special thrill of sympathy. No matter how careless their life may have seemed, the Viennese have had to tread their Calvary. The war wreckage brought upon them an incredible physical and financial and social pinching. There have been "sob stories" aplenty about this—the heartrending lack of food and fuel, the outrageously overcrowded hospitals, the workless and homeless men and women, the children dying off like flies—a discouraged and a disheartened people. As a pathetic song says, Vienna was, indeed, a *"sterbende Märchenstadt"* (a dying fairy city).

It was a surprise and pleasure, therefore, on arriving here the other day, to find that Vienna had "come back," to detect no underfed-looking persons on the streets, and to see the shops again alive with customers—those well-liked shops for the well-known Vienna leather goods, furniture, wooden goods, metal goods, clothing, art objects, and the other features of Austrian export trade. (Austria's imports are now largely foodstuffs, coal, petrol, and raw materials.)

A year and a half ago I had talked with Dr. Grünberger, and now was at once impressed by his more positive, more assured manner, pleasantly reflecting changed conditions in Vienna and the country—facts, and not merely, as before, hopes only.

It was natural for the wide-awake Minister (note his portrait) to speak first of Vienna and then of Austria, for this is

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now pre-eminently *the* city of this country as is no other capital the most important place in its own land. Indeed, compared with Austria, Vienna seems like a head much too big for its body. The city has nearly 1,900,000 population, while for all Austria the total population only slightly exceeds 6,500,000. This is about a seventh of the former population, as of the former area, of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire.

But even had Vienna no outlying territory at all, it would still be, I believe, the natural commercial exchange center for many commodities between the peoples of western and of eastern Europe and the Balkans.

Of course, as one of the two capitals of that great, economically homogeneous area comprised in the Dual Empire, Vienna had a political significance quite equal to its commercial prestige. But the war broke up the Empire into a number of pieces. One of them is the Republic of Austria, proclaimed such in November, 1918. This Republic consists of nine provinces, namely, Lower Austria, Upper Austria, Salzburg, Styria, Carinthia, Tyrol, Vorarlberg, Burgenland, and, lastly, the city of Vienna, treated as a province.

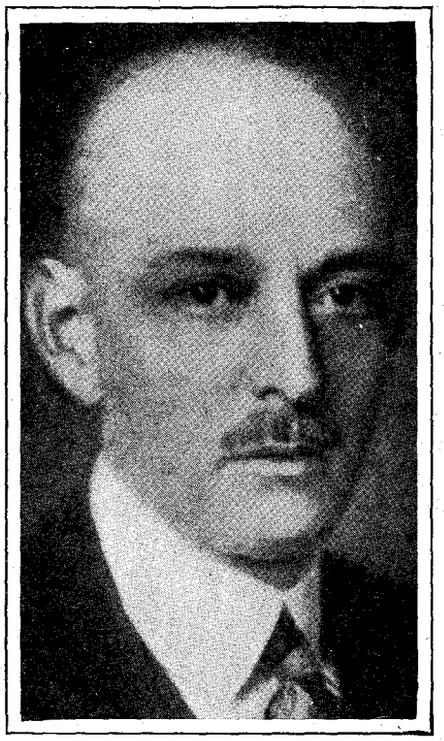
In every province there is a Landtag (a provincial diet) consisting of one chamber. Its members are elected on the basis of universal suffrage without distinction of sex.

The same basis serves for the elections to the Nationalrat (the lower house of Parliament). The provincial diets choose the Bundesrat, or upper house. The terms of all members of Parliament are for four years, as is also the term of the President; he may be re-elected once only. The present President is Dr. Michael Hainisch.

As in Germany, so here, the Prime Minister is known as the Kanzler (Chancellor). The Austrian Chancellor is Monsignor Ignaz Seipel. It may seem strange to find a man of exalted priestly rank officially serving the state. Yet, as the mauve-violet touch of silk underneath his collar reminds you, a prelate may be equally notable as a patriot, and Monsignor Seipel is a brilliant example.

The accompanying portrait of him is the best I could find. Of course it gives no idea of the color in his fine face, the warmth in the tones of his voice, the magnetism of his manner. His personality unites the dignity of both Church and State. To think that such a man should be almost fatally wounded later by an assassin's hand!

The day following my talk with the Foreign Minister I had an audience with the Chancellor. From these interviews I gained a graphic idea of the situation. Poor new Austria! The old had access to the sea; the new has none. The old had abundant coal supplies; the new has less than one per cent of them. While Austria still retains iron, graphite, magnesite, salt, forestry, and large water-power resources, her two capital losses



N. Grünberger

were sweeping enough, together with her dreadful inheritance of uncovered bank notes issued during the war, to make many doubt her continuance as an economic integrity.

Austria's Morning After

THE war left Austria flat. Indeed, at first it did not seem as if there could be any more Austria. Not only were future resources cut off, there was not even present bread enough to go round; one crust cost no less than six thousand kronen (crowns)—the krone is the Austrian currency standard. There was indeed a food crisis!

Then came Hoover. "He saved the situation," said the Chancellor and the Foreign Minister alike. "He was the savior of our Austria." He saw that the people were literally starving, that food was the first necessity. Yesterday I looked at the balcony of the Imperial palace where the young Emperor tried to harangue the pitiful food rioters. They shouted up to him: "We want no Emperor. We want bread."

The American Relief Administration and the Red Cross performed miracles of far-sighted and humane valor. Mr. Hoover had seen the national and also the international situation with prophetic vision, and worked to save Austria first, but also to save her neighbors, for if Austria fell she would drag them down too.

Then came the second crisis, the social tension, and here the Austrians may well be proud. At a time when Hungary, under Bela Kun, had gone Bolshevist and was trying to induce her former partner in the Dual Empire to follow suit, the Austrians maintained, in general, law and order.

One reason for this was that the Austrians had been fed a bit, and the food gave confidence. People could begin to work.

Then came the third crisis, that of currency inflation. Austria's rich neighbors would lend only by little driblets or not at all. So a desperate Government resorted to the printing-press. Under its currency inflation the krone, instead of being worth as much as a Swiss franc (say about 20 cents), sank so low that it took twenty thousand of them to buy one Swiss franc.

Again it seemed as if Austria would go under. If now she might not drag down her neighboring states, grown stronger, with her, at least they would be fighting for and over her remains. Whether, then, Austria perished and drew other Powers after her or whether they lived and fought to possess Austria, the result would be the same—war, catastrophe.

Why have another war? This question the patriot Seipel put to himself. He then went to Austria's neighbors and friends and put it to them. He said: "We are in distress; nay, more, we are in mortal distress. We will perish unless you help. Will you help? We will make it worth your while."

The neighbors and friends met at the seat of the League of Nations at Geneva. They talked things over. Though they were mostly hard up, they were not unwilling to help Austria, and some of them wanted to help very much, particularly one or two Powers with new interests keeping them from wishing to see the Danube Basin again thrown into the seething European war melting-pot.

Dr. Seipel and Dr. Grünberger saw that the initiative must come from Austria, and Austria herself started working out her own salvation. She is not Germany; she is neither brutally Prussian nor does she spend all her time whining. She does something constructive and positive. Under these two energetic statesmen, she agreed "to realize a reform programme destined to permit her

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to re-establish within two years a permanent budget equilibrium," incredible as that at first seemed. It was to be carried out in this way, these Ministers informed me: "First, there would be Government economy. Cabinet offices would be reduced; thousands of employees laid off. Second, state enterprises and monopolies would be reorganized so as to make them once more profitable. Third, there would be a screwing up of tariffs and taxes to the maximum. Fourth, the bank-note printing-press would be stopped. Fifth, an autonomous bank of issue would be established to stabilize the exchange rate of the krone.

"But who would pay the bills during the two years? The deficits for those years, including credits to be repaid, were estimated at some 650,000,000 gold crowns (about $130,000,000). This sum could be covered only by borrowing, yet the collateral was right ready to hand, namely, the credit of the customs and of the tobacco monopoly."

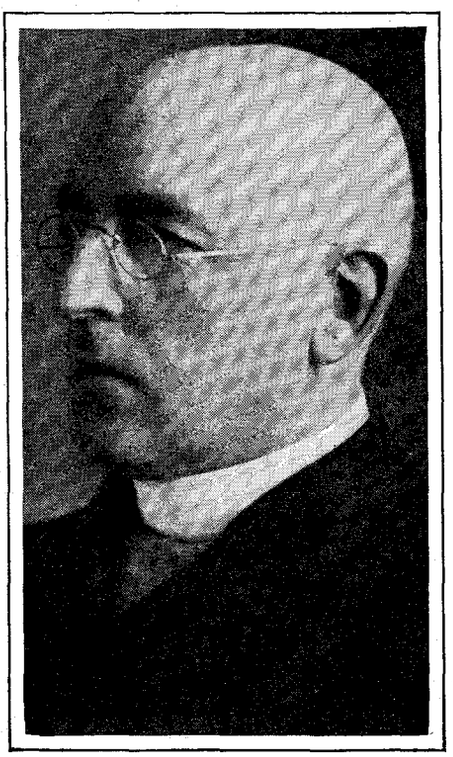
This proposal of backbone and nerve electrified the world. But it was a body blow to the Pan-Germans, speculating on Austria's distress, and particularly on the confession of not a few frightened persons who had announced themselves quite ready to go over to Germany rather than go under.

The first line of Chancellor Seipel's confession of faith put an end to German hopes. His country, he declared, would rebel against being occupied or parceled out. She could escape these humiliations, he indicated, by entering into some kind of financial and economic agreement with the Powers.

Where the League Served Well

THE Powers appealed to the League of Nations. The League acted, and its act is the best thing it ever did. In the autumn of 1922 I was present at the decisive meeting of the League Council, called "to safeguard Austrian territorial and economic integrity under the League's auspices." England, France, Italy, and Czechoslovakia on the one hand, and Austria on the other, mutually agreed to maintain Austrian sovereignty and to undertake no measures in any way threatening Austrian independence. Then, and conditionally on Austria undertaking drastic measures to reduce budget deficits and on her acceptance of the control of the use of the loan by the League, operating through a Commissioner-General and a Control Commission, the loan was approved. The League Council appointed as Commissioner Dr. Zimmerman, ex-Mayor of Rotterdam; he began his work a year and a half ago. The Control Commission consists of one member from each of the four signatory Powers and from the other guaranteeing Governments, namely, Belgium, Switzerland, Denmark, and Holland.

With such a scheme, so launched, it was not surprising that some of the loan was successfully floated in our own country. The significance of this is, as one



Dr Ignaz Seipel

of our bankers has said, that "American investors do want to help those European nations prepared to help themselves towards re-establishing their credit." Thus, as Dr. Seipel had prophesied, self-help had paved the way for international co-operation.

Now, how has the scheme worked? According to Dr. Zimmerman's latest report, less than a year after the control began and less than six months after the loan was issued equilibrium was actually established in the Austrian Budget. And now the gross receipts from the customs and the tobacco monopoly have increased enough to cover the loan four times over. On the other hand, Government expenditure has not been reduced quite as fast as was expected. Even in the face of balanced Budgets, too much of their success has been due to drastic taxation (a great burden on trade) and too little on governmental economy; the proportion has been reported to be even as high as nine-tenths *versus* one-tenth. As to reductions of personnel, the number of Cabinet offices has been reduced from eleven to seven and over 70,000 Government employees have been dismissed. The total number to be dismissed within the two years is to reach 100,000.

The plenary powers granted by Parliament for the increase of taxation have been used, and the people have borne the heavy burden with exemplary patience.

One reason for this is that they have witnessed the welcome sight of the stabilization of their krone; even during the great fall last year of the German and the Polish mark, the krone was hardly touched. Another reason is that the one and a half year's experience of this scheme has resulted in a very large decline in living costs; another, that it has halved the numbers of the unemployed; and, finally, and above all, that it has increased savings-bank deposits by no less than twenty-three times.

The scheme may not be yet quite a complete success. But these splendid results show that it is so near its ultimate goal as to inspire confident optimism.

Nor has the optimism been fatally lessened, Dr. Seipel told me, by the recent ridiculous gambling of Vienna brokers. They were brought up with a round turn, as they deserved. "Anyway, there have always been too many speculators among us," added the Chancellor. "They need a changed mental and moral point of view."

What Remains to be Done

THE resources gained by Austria's self-help, plus the timely help of the Powers, should give her the necessary period properly to prepare for the desirable long-time borrowing. There is, however, a danger in the situation, one to militate against any loan. The very success of the present scheme has produced in certain circles a sentiment that its control can shortly be dispensed with. Such a sentiment may be natural among dismissed governmental employees seeking reinstatement or among interests selfishly resisting a necessary administrative control for the good of all. But the Chancellor knows how to meet this tendency. He has but to point to the post-war chaos antedating his coming to office. The old Austria, bureaucratic, groaned under overhead expense. The new Austria, democratic, must be delivered from that burden and those groans.

As to the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, it can hardly be politically restored. But there may be an ultimate economic restoration through the co-operation of all the states along the Danube from the German frontier to the sea. In such a restoration Austria might well be the chief gainer.

Vienna.

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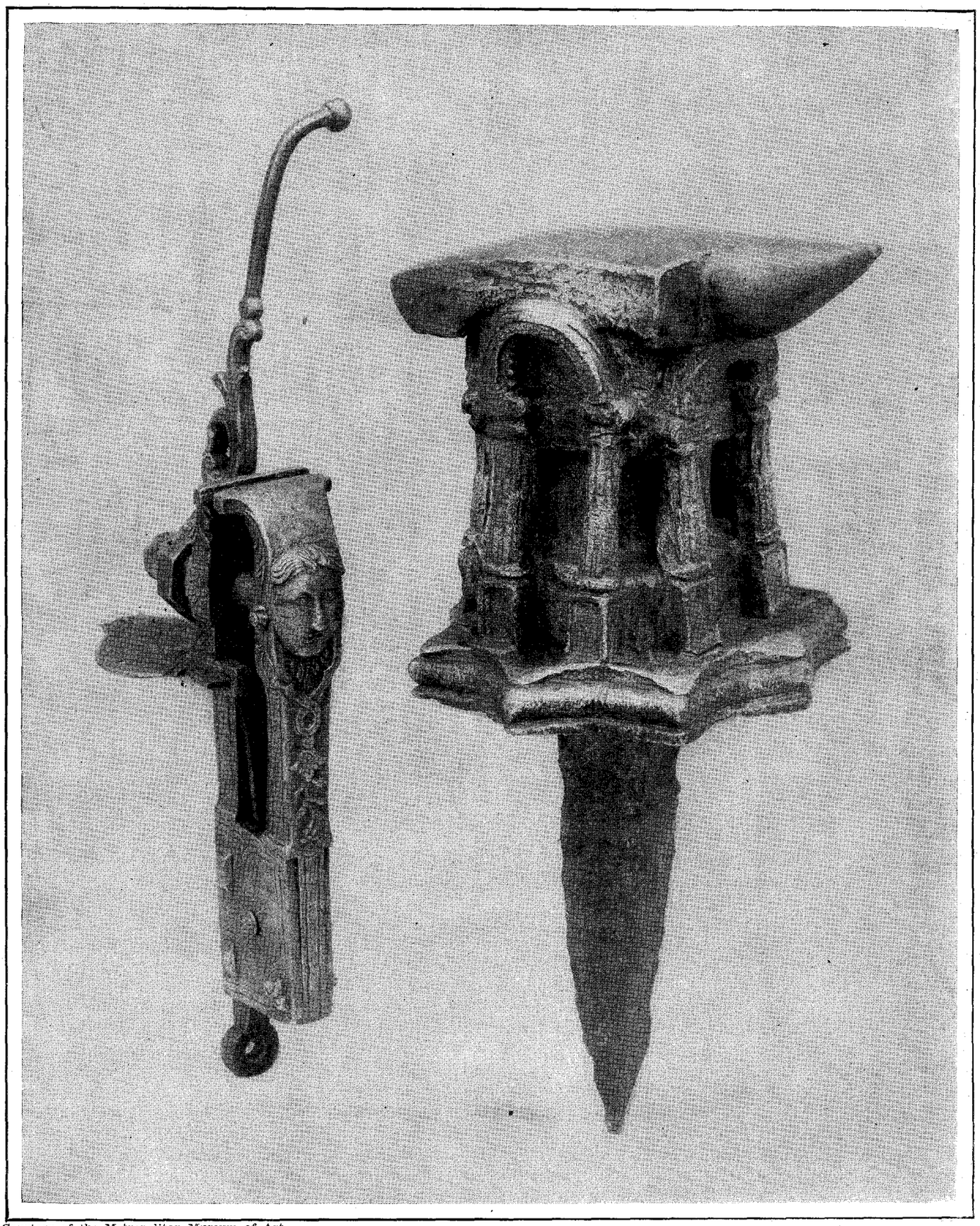
Art in Armor



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

The exhibition of armor now being shown at the Metropolitan Museum of Art contains some of the most wonderful examples of the armorer's art ever produced. The engraved and gilded armor for man and horse, seen on the right-hand page, is dated 1527; of it a collector once said, "It is the finest suit of armor in the world." It is believed to have belonged to the Sieur Jacques Gourdon de Genouilhac, 1466-1546, a distinguished warrior in the court of Louis XII and Francis I. The vise and anvil shown above are in the "armorer's workshop" of the Museum. The vise is of North Italian workmanship, boldly

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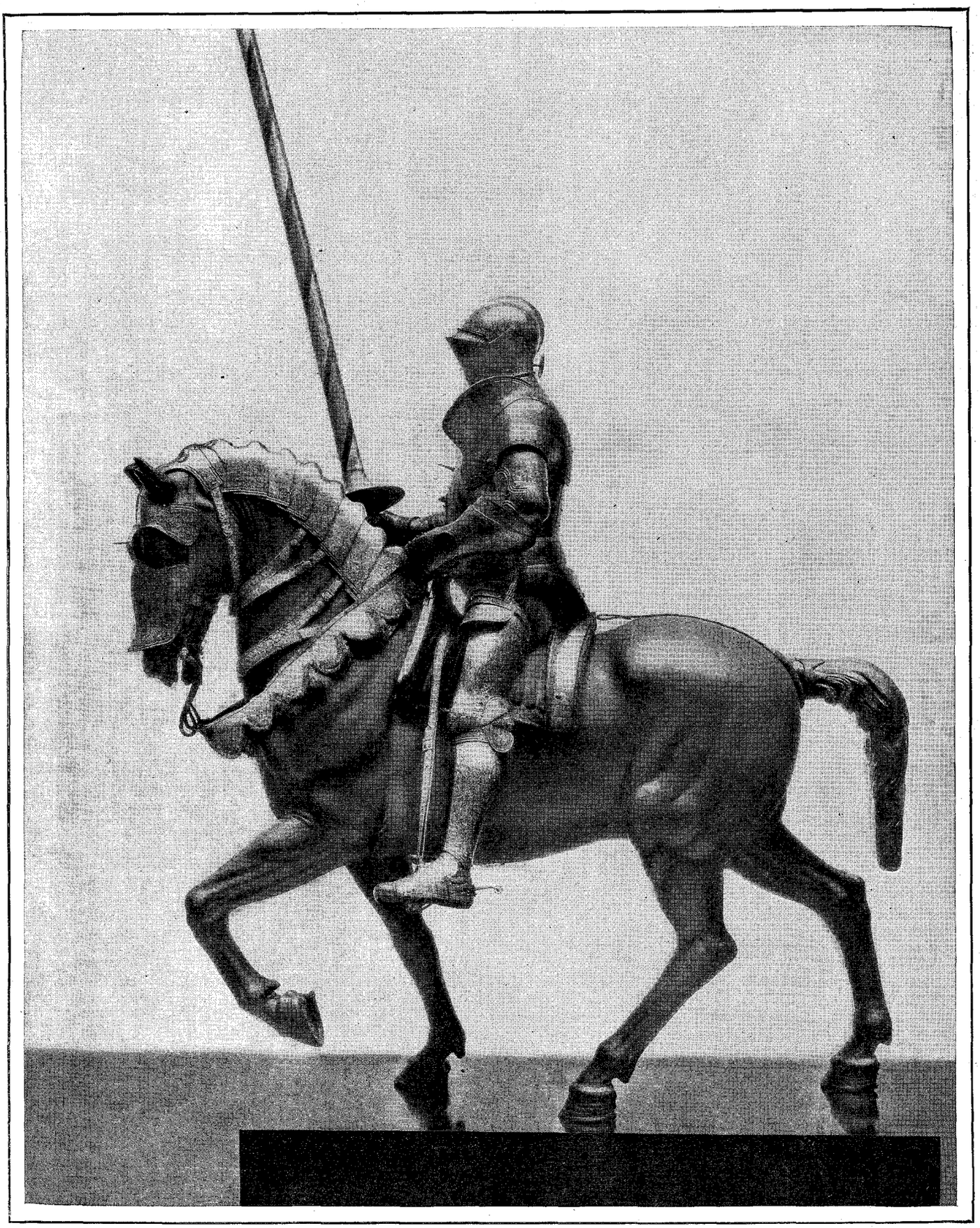
and in Tools



decorated with foliation and mascaron (or grotesque face). The richly wrought anvil is also probably of Italian workmanship; it was no doubt used "only by an iron-worker and an iron-worker of quality—which means, in all ancient rules, an armorer." These tools bring vividly back to us the days when artificers loved their work with a devotion that expressed itself in terms of art equally with those of utility. Mr. William H. Riggs, who gave to the Metropolitan Museum his magnificent collection of armor, in which the specimens shown here have an honored place, died in France on August 31

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A Village Under Prohibition

By MELISSA STURGESS

Here is a survey of an American village under prohibition, by "one of the neighbors." The names of the author and the village are naturally disguised, and the village is not located where it is said to be. But these changes in no wise alter the value of this intimate town portrait

HARRISVILLE is a real American town tucked away among the hills to the south of the Adirondack Mountains.

In the closing years of the eighteenth century twenty men from Connecticut bought the land—at a dollar and a quarter an acre—and divided it among themselves. The farms these men cleared have been broken up into smaller ones, but many of their descendants still till the old homestead acres.

Half a century later there came a wave of immigrant laborers from Ireland. As time went on, the best of these bought farms and became citizens; so to-day the population of the town, numbering roughly three thousand, is made up as to race in the proportion of two descendants of the early Puritans to one of the Irish. There are practically no foreigners.

Who is breaking the prohibition laws? The alien only, or is the native American also guilty?

It seemed that I might find the answer to these questions right here in my own home town, with its overwhelming majority of native stock, so I began asking, "How do you think prohibition is working out here?" of friends and acquaintances. The first one questioned was a woman—an elderly maiden—living next door. Her reply was characteristic.

"I see you, too, are misled by all this propaganda about drinking," she exclaimed, excitedly. "The stuff that is printed in the papers makes me all out of patience. Why, in my last 'Church News' a man wrote that he went out in Chicago to investigate conditions, and found only six places in the whole city where he could buy any intoxicants; and," with a superior smile, "Chicago is somewhat larger than Harrisville."

A few houses up the street lives a widow—a well-bred, well-read, sensible woman—and I was curious as to what her reply would be. She thought for some time, and then said, slowly: "I have lived here twenty years, and when I first came a drunken man was a common sight. I remember one night John came home late from lodge, and found Charles Atwood asleep in the snow out by that tree. It was a bitter night, and he would have been frozen long before morning if some one had not found him. Twenty years ago you couldn't walk down by the saloons without running into 'drunks,' and now I don't know when I have seen even one."

"Is it better now than ten years ago under local option?" I persisted.

"Yes, I think it is. Ten years ago Harrisville was 'dry,' but Franklin, only twelve miles away, was decidedly 'wet,' and the men could jump on the train and go down after anything they wanted. Don't you remember how people used to joke about the shoe-boxes on the train? I do think conditions are better here now than they were even ten years ago."

Putting the question to an ex-soldier, I got an instant response. Straightening to his full height, eyes snapping, he snorted: "Prohibition! That makes me tired! If I had had a chance to vote on it, or had had one thing to say about it, I would have felt differently; but while we boys were over there going through hell these nice little boys and girls who stayed safe at home put one over on us. They can't make it work in my case!"

There is a flourishing Women's Village Improvement Society here, whose president told me the following: "We had a dinner down at the Temple Tuesday evening, and, as it was late when we broke up, we went home and left everything. When we came down next morning, we found there had been another party after we left, for there were empty beer bottles all over the tables, and such a looking place! Nice advertisement for us women!"

For nearly forty years my husband has been a dealer in agricultural implements here, and when he goes out canvassing among the farmers I often ride along. At a majority of the places where we stop we are offered something to drink. Most often it is cider; sometimes home-brewed beer; occasionally elderberry, dandelion, or grape wine.

"Is this a sample of the way farmers keep the Prohibition Law?" I asked him one day.

He said, with a shrug, "You can see for yourself."

In a village several miles north of Harrisville is a college for men, and if one is riding on the main highways toward night of a Sunday he will see groups of students waiting to hail any car with a vacant seat. Not all these boys are intoxicated; in fact, very few of them are; also there are few who do not show some effect of drink.

Ten years ago the village boasted two hotels and eight saloons. To-day we have two hotels and no saloons. The better hotel is run by a woman, and according to law as far as she is concerned. Her husband, however, takes care to keep a supply for himself hidden about the place. One morning a salesman came into the store, and my husband rallied him about his appearance. He grinned sheepishly. "Maybe you wouldn't look any better than I do if you had been with me last night. You have a fine hotel here, and Mrs. Shelby runs it right. But you know that husband of hers. He invited me into his room last night, and when I went I found a trooper and a bootlegger with him. We all had a few, and the stuff was certainly strong, all right, for I have a beautiful head on me this morning, and Shelby is still in bed. I dropped in to see him on my way out, and he said his wife came in and stood and looked at him for a while and then told him to stay out of sight."

The other hotel is now closed by order of court for frequent violations of the law. Two years ago a stranger bought the place, and it became popular almost at once, as was evidenced by the number of cars parked around at all times of the day and night. Enforcement officers raided it, and, finding some whisky, the proprietor was fined. A few months later the building was searched again and a quantity of beer and whisky found hidden under the coal in the cellar. This time the owner was lodged in the county jail, while his wife and son (a lad of sixteen) continued to run the hotel. All this persecution—so called—proved an advertisement, and the boy sold more than his father ever had. Again the officers came, and this time gave the family a week to vacate the premises, and the doors were then locked and sealed for a year.

No story of prohibition conditions is complete without a bootlegger. We have our representative—Lippett. To all appearances he has no business, but owns a high-power seven-passenger car, and drives away with his wife at dusk every

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night. A couple of weeks ago they were stopped by officers, who found the car loaded with contraband. He was fined heavily, but is still doing business, as he brought a case of beer last night to our neighbor across the street labeled "Warranted to contain more than 2½ per cent alcohol."

Conditions here are much better than twenty years ago and about the same as ten years ago under local option, but with this difference: ten years ago public opinion was steadily growing in favor of abstinence, while now the reverse appears to be true.

Why Are We Childless?

By A Modern Girl

SOME time ago Mrs. Ethel Wadsworth Cartland pointed out in an Outlook article the fact that the modern girl is substituting other things for motherhood. She told of the dangers in such a course. This writer defends the modern girl and gives her explanation of late marriages.

MRS. CARTLAND is right. The modern girl is substituting other things for motherhood. Where shall we look for explanation? To the apparent selfish nature of the modern girl? To the increasing equalization of masculine and feminine duties, and the subsequent revolt of women from the imposition of what may seem an unfair burden?

But we shall make no progress in so directing our inquiry to the individual girl of to-day; human nature does not change. The girls of to-day want children just as much as the girls of yesterday—with the one difference, perhaps, that they have replaced sentimentality with common sense. The modern girl is but one part of contemporary civilization, just as the nineteenth-century woman was essentially Victorian. Individuals in themselves are practically helpless. In explanation of the declining birth rate, it is not so much feminine nature as the complete social system that is involved.

The factors in modern life affecting this problem are: (1) The extended period of preparation for life, especially reflected in the need for education and the length of time required to complete it; (2) raising of the standards of living; and (3) a changed conception of the purpose of life in which the girl regards herself, not as an indiscriminate vehicle for the transmission of life, but as a constructive builder responsible to the race for the careful selection of a worthy mate.

Now the extended preparation for living, as seen in the requirements of education, explains both the absence of early marriages and the launching of girls upon definite careers. College education is now practically a necessity. The average age of a college graduate is about twenty-three—and in some other specialized institutes of training the average age is even higher. After graduation the student turns toward the business of making a living. As time goes on the demands of her profession become more and more insistent, and the girl is left little leisure or strength for social functions at which she may meet men. The same story holds true with a man. He is forced to consider every expense in his struggle for a living and must necessarily sacrifice marriage to the development of a respectable earning capacity. All of this takes time, and when it does not result in bachelorhood it does result in a late marriage. After such experience both girl and man are past that vital period of youth most essential to a happy culmination of marriage in the family circle.

The second factor of uplift in standard of living grows out of the more comprehensive preparatory period. Here again both girl and man are affected by the pressure, and to this ever-growing tendency we may look for another explanation of the childless fate of many couples. Each generation pushes the standard a trifle higher, and each generation takes comparatively longer time in achieving the standard which means comfortable marriage. This is just one penalty of progress. The tragic part of the matter is that it is a penalty exacted in greater proportion of that social group which itself is the highly refined product of that very progress.

We come quite logically, then, to our last important factor in the explanation of substitutes for motherhood—the changed conception of the purpose of life, in which the girl regards herself as the constructive agent responsible to the race for the discriminating selection of a mate. This of course is a less tangible phase of the problem. It is a bit difficult to explain the peculiar prerogative of selection held by the modern girl, yet it exhibits essentially the same tendency shown in the ever-climbing standard for preparation toward living and the standards of living proper. The one vital difference lies in the change of the girl's rôle from active to passive.

Nature and convention have provided that the man be the aggressor. A girl cannot, unfortunately, practice the application of any of her ideas of selection if she has no one worthy to select from. And the fact of a meager showing of eligible men can be explained, not by the unattractive personality of the girl, but by ordinary pressure of circumstance. Right here in our own town the college-bred girls are faced with the problem of a man famine due to the fact that the real men of the community spend their time away in business. What are we to do? Wait for some worthy man to return, or marry for the sake of marriage any masculine creature irrespective of his qualifications? One course spells probable disappointment; the other, a lowering of standards. Thus we are tossed from one horn of the dilemma to the other.

So much for the explanation of the declining prevalence of motherhood. The girl is not to be accused of shortcoming; the problem is the problem of contemporary civilization. Of course there is something wrong with the social system which forces late marriage or no marriage at all on account of economic pressure; but what can we do about it? Surely, not lower our standards to those of the immigrant for the express purpose of equaling him in the number of offspring! Yet the problem, if unsolved, will spell the ruin of that very social group so necessary for civilization to save. Would social insurance help? Could the state by taxing rich childless couples endow worthy married couples in precarious financial circumstances with a certain amount of money for each child brought into the world? If it seems impossible to check the prolific fecundity of the foreign element, our course must then be to encourage the mating of the members of our own social group. At least we understand the problem and realize its serious import. We modern girls are not the sinners we are supposed to be. We want to marry; we want children; but first of all we want *money* enough to insure respectable living conditions and *men* at least our equal in intelligence and decency.

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Hunting for a National Park

By WILLIAM C. GREGG

CAN we find a great National Park in the East?

Secretary Hubert Work asks this question, and then appoints a committee of five to answer it.[1]

The inevitable direction of a National Park quest is to the Southern Appalachian Mountains.

The days of romance and adventure have not yet passed forever, and so, while business grinds and politics boils, the Committee goes South to begin an exploration that will surely mean, before many years, a big National Park in a new area containing scenery both august and intimate, flora both rare and glorious, and animals of all descriptions which ever lived in the original thirteen States.

The Southern Appalachian Mountains have been *known but not recognized* by the American people. Much misinformation has been circulated, by nobody in particular, about this charming country which extends from Pennsylvania to Georgia.

The Committee started by asking itself many questions. Can we find adequate scenery? Is there an area National in size (say 1,000 square miles)? Will it be wild?

The inhabitants of that region are asking:

How large is a park?

What will you do with us?

Will we have to move?

What will Congress pay?

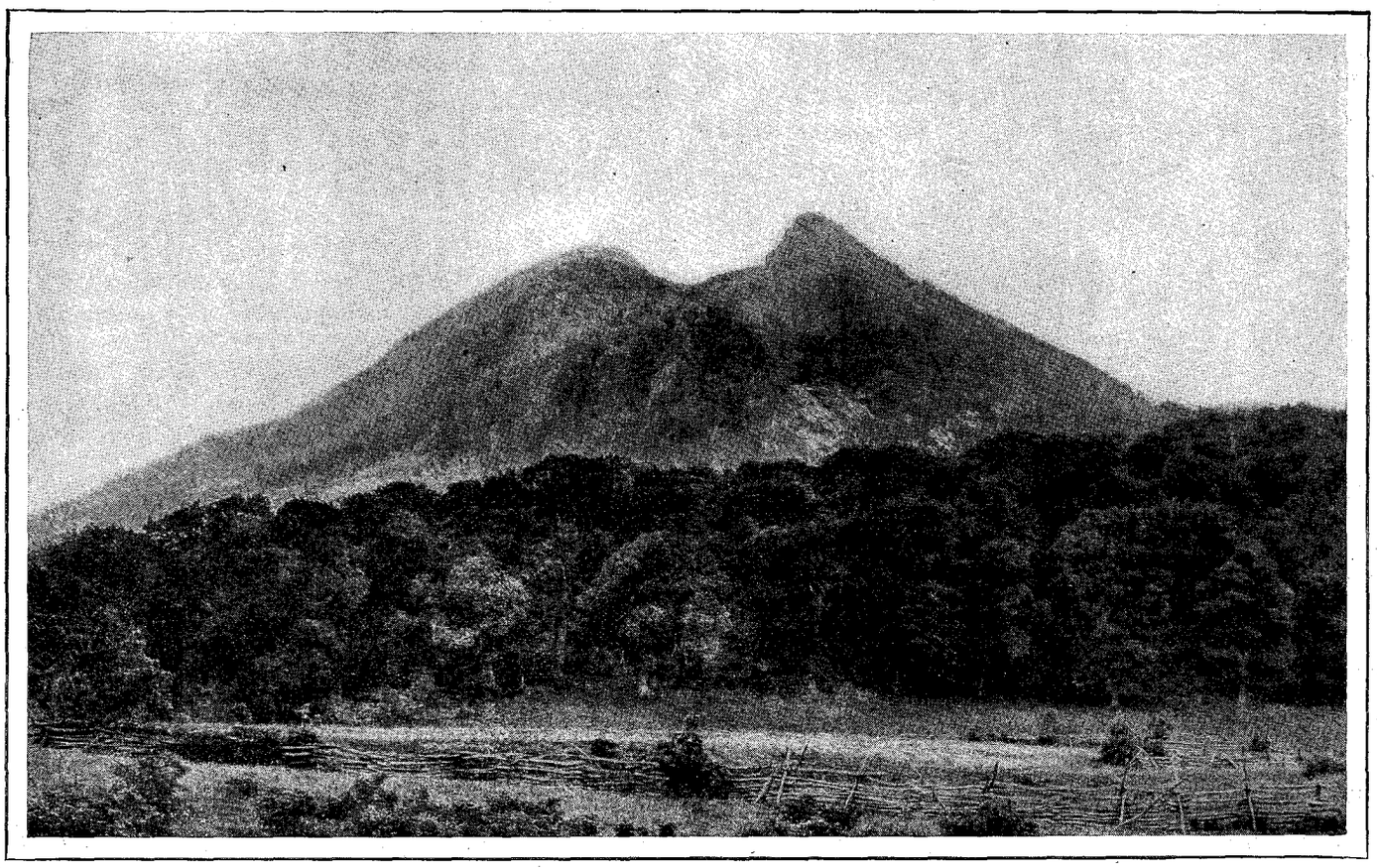
The Committee can see, on the start, that a selection will be made from four or five parts of the Southern Appalachians, which naturally separate themselves into competing areas. It is too early even to mention them, but already the people of North and South Carolina, Tennessee, and Georgia are vigorously singing the praises of their parts of the great mountain range and are offering every assistance and entertainment to the Committee. The scenic areas of Kentucky, West Virginia, and Virginia also await investigation.

The Appalachian Mountains contain forty-eight mountain peaks over 6,000 feet above sea-level and sixty-three over 5,000 feet. It must be remembered that the plain from which these peaks start is only about 1,000 feet above sea-level, so the onlooker gets about the same impression as he does when viewing the peaks of the Rocky Mountains, which rise from a much higher plain. They contain the most extensive hardwood forests remaining in North America, with the greatest variety of trees, shrubs, and flowers known to our naturalists.

National Parks, so far, have been created almost entirely out of the unoccupied public land by a simple act of Congress.

The reason there has been no National Park in the Southern Appalachian Mountains is that all the land is privately owned. And the valleys have been occupied since before Washington was President by settlers who gradually worked into this area from the original coast colonies. So the principal question today (after the one about the general merit of the scenery, which is easily answered) is, Will Congress buy out the landholders, big and small, to make a park? To what extent may a part of the

[1] The Committee appointed by Secretary Hubert Work to make a study of the region in which it is proposed to establish a new National Park in the Southern Alleghanies consists of Congressman H. W. Temple (Pennsylvania), Chairman; Major W. A. Welch, Director Palisades Inter-State Park; H. P. Kelsey, landscape architect and botanist; Colonel Glenn Smith, U. S. Topographical Survey; William C. Gregg, National Parks Association.



The old farm illustrates the settler problem not confronted before in creating National Parks. The view is characteristic of the territory through which the park hunters journeyed

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large holdings be donated for park purposes? Might a campaign to raise part of the purchase price of the land be conducted in the Southern cities most directly to be benefited by tourist travel?

A National Park in the Appalachians will mean a large amount of road building by somebody to reach the park and by the Government within the park.

If the scenic advantages of two sections are substantially the same, the road cost will be one of the determining factors.

Camping areas will be another competing element; but it is probable that every section can qualify reasonably, for, while the mountains are very rugged, approximating in places the best pinnacled parts of the Rockies, yet the camping possibilities of all areas seem fully sufficient for National Park purposes.

It is not generally known that so many sharp peaks exist. Automobile roads can reach the summit of many of them, but others will remain forever the goal of the climbers—one peak we gazed at across a half-mile-deep valley was, according to one of our guides, about large enough for three or four "tol'able" sized men to stand on.

Very few rocks are in sight. They are there, but are covered with shrubs and moss, so the general color effect is green, with only an occasional jutting cliff which has managed to shake off the tentacles of the traveling roots and the creeping vines.

An exception will have to be noted along the border-line of Georgia and South Carolina, where several mountainsides are bare rock, the most notable, "Whitesides," having a perpendicular bare wall of over 1,000 feet. We were much impressed with this noble mountain, and did not "argufy" when some of the party thought the depth of the precipice below us was over 1,300 feet.

There seems to be no "timber line" in the Southern Appalachians. When we scaled Mount Mitchell (6,700 feet high), we found trees on the very top, and millions of feet of logs had been removed from around the summit when it was partly cut over by a lumber company some years ago.

It was partly to save the Southern Appalachian Mountains that Congress passed a law under which the Forest Department was created and has acquired a large acreage of forest land that had been cut over. And the process of forest protection and reforestation is already well under way.

The lumbermen have been accused of ruthlessness, but this charge is not always deserved. Many areas have lost their large trees, but there are so many small ones standing that the inexperienced eye will hardly detect the commercial exploitation. Some places have been treated so carefully that the damage done is practically nil.

The demand for a National Park comes from several sources. Some want a *National* playground; others wish to preserve a section of the original Appalachians as God made them, untouched by commerce, and to nurse back to its original status the almost extinct animal life which a few hundred years ago filled these forests.

We are asked what we are finding so far to justify a National Park. The answer is:

First, majestic mountain scenery.

Second, several big areas with parts usable as playgrounds for the masses, and parts as museum areas for the naturalist and the trail hiker who want to be alone with nature in its grandeur and infinite wealth of wondrous creations.

The whole Southern Appalachian Range is an exhibition from May 1 to July 15 every year of the greatest flower show in the world. There are countless acres everywhere of laurel, azalea, arbutus, and rhododendrons. Unless seen, their glory is almost unbelievable.

Women Police as England Sees Them

By Eveline W. Brainerd

THE proposal of the New York Women's Police Bureau to train college women for police work, though a new idea here, has had ten years' trial in England and has proved its worth. The head of the Women's Auxiliary Service for training women candidates for police service in Great Britain, Commandant Mary E. Allen, came to this country last spring to study our police systems and to speak on the business of the women constables as worked out in Great Britain.

No one in London would turn to gaze after the trim uniform of the Commandant, but here the visored cap, the high-collared shirtwaist and black tie, the trousers and full-skirted coat meeting the tops of the black boots, catch every eye. When the Commandant is caught with her cap off there is another surprise, for the heavy hair is close cropped—not bobbed, notice. It frames a strong, kindly face, of a type seen more often in England than among the descendants of the settlers of this side the water. One would not choose to have the steady eyes rest upon one at an untoward moment, but at the corners are humorous wrinkles that show she has never become obsessed by the sordid and tragic scenes known to the police.

The war conditions brought to sudden action in 1914 the plans for an experiment in women on the police force that had long been considered by a group of thoughtful Englishwomen whose social work had shown them the need for some more understanding and careful treatment of women and children than the police force as constituted could give. In that time of need their offer, as a private organization, to train women for appointment to the regular force was readily accepted. Commandant Allen was one of these women. She herself served on the police force at Grantham, where the experiment was first tried out, and, having learned the job, working side by side with the "Bobbies," she became the head of the training school for these new officers, who during the war numbered a thousand, and who are now to be found on the local staffs in various parts of England and Scotland, and in the occupied territory in Germany.

Although the account of the beginnings of this Women's Auxiliary Service states that a study was made of the woman police system already in use in the United States, the new venture rapidly outstripped its forerunner. In a recent important volume on our police system the work of women police in the United States is disposed of in a single sentence in the body of the work and one fine-print note of ten lines.

Finding the work that the women should do and training the chief constables to see why that work should be handed over to women was quite as much a task in those early days as laying out a course of instruction for the candidates, but the women's work is now well defined. They are regular members of local constabularies, on precisely the same basis as to pay and position as the men. They can take action in case of need on any matter that chances to come up in their presence, but their special duties are with women and children. They

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Photograph by Florence Vandamm

Commandant Mary S. Allen, of the British Women Police

take charge of women who have attempted suicide; collect personally the evidence of women and children in cases of assault; accompany women prisoners and witnesses; search women prisoners; supervise children in street trades; report on cases of cruelty to children, on bad housing; patrol parks, open spaces, and streets; inspect places of amusement; and do regular duty at the station-houses.

The three months' training for these varied tasks is planned to prove the physical endurance and the hardy spirit of the candidate. Only women of education and of ideals as to the possibilities of the work are considered, and those having had some prior experience in social service are most likely to succeed. Given in London, the course takes in a study of the city regulations, traffic along with the rest, though women police are not likely ever to have to deal with unmanageable motor cars. They learn the city departments, the institutions, the social agencies, the movie houses, theaters, dance-halls and public houses, and prisons. They go out day after day with the women police. Last, but in Commandant Allen's mind by no means least, is the drill. This is not alone for its obvious value in preparation for parades and guards of honor. It has practical effect in the speed and agility with which the women move, and in their ability to obey orders quickly and to give orders that will be obeyed. It makes for corps spirit that is always a source of strength. So convinced are the leaders of the women's police force of the value of stiff drill during the training that the German women who had asked for training that they might work in the occupied area were refused the uniform until they would accept the drill to which they objected, it being reminiscent of the militarism of the past régime.

The uniform is another essential as English people see this work. While these police officers are the friends and protectors of women and children, they are first of all upholders of law and order. They find the uniform imperative for this and no hindrance to the mission of help and comfort. One suspects that the arguments against the uniformed force in this country arise partly from a wrong notion as to police and their character and duties, a notion that it would not take the right sort of women long to change; partly from the narrow limits of the work of police women in our cities, where duty at dance-halls is the major part of the programme, and partly for an anti-uniform complex that inhabits the American feminine mind. No one who dealt with the women in the hut and canteen work for the A. E. F. will ever forget the weird costumes, in which pink chiffon, enameled pins, pumps, ruffles, and new spring bonnets added notes of bewildering individuality to the official uniform recognized by the army. No grotesque jokes of that sort are played by any police woman in England. She respects the garb that stands to her for pride in her calling, loyalty to her comrades, duty to the state. Without some outward symbol it is doubtful if the same sense of partnership and unity of purpose can be attained. Of its practical usefulness there is no doubt in the minds of those who have been studying this work during the past decade. Wherever the women police are used in England they are known, their duties understood. Here, unless one's business brings one in contact with individuals of the force, one must almost be introduced before one is aware of the police woman's existence. Waiting at a junction one day, Commandant Allen saw a young girl, evidently quite unused to travel, going off with a man, leaving her little trunk unprotected on the platform. The station-master was easily persuaded by the blue coat and the cap to go out of his way to put the box in safety, and then the Commandant thought she would use her odd hour in this town quite out of her bailiwick to seeing what had become of the little traveler. She found her shortly in a public house, already quite drunk. A look at the blue coat sent the man sliding out the door. There was no difficulty in getting the girl cared for at a hotel until she was in condition to travel. She was an ignorant child, a housemaid, on her way to a new place, who, though she had been warned to speak to no one, had not understood that it was equally dangerous to let any one else begin the conversation. "If I hadn't happened around and been able to do something, even though with no authority in the place, she would never have been heard of again," said the Commandant. "We lose lots of them that way."

The women work, however, in mufti as well, and are trained for both types of service. They can, and do if it seems best, make friendly visits to the homes of those under their charge, and as inconspicuously as the school-teacher or church visitor.

The special value of women on the force is plainly seen in the effect on children brought in as witnesses. Little children and young girls, surrounded by men, growing more and more frightened

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and bewildered as the examination goes on, is a common sight here. Not only is it a cruel, often an indecent method, but it does not make for getting at the whole truth of a situation or for the punishment of the offender. Where there are women police they make all the preliminary examinations, and they come into court with the children and the women and stand by them through the terrifying ordeal, giving them courage to stick to their story and give their testimony clearly and fearlessly.

The women police have their own office, which is always open for complaints and appeals. The appeals are often comic, often needless, often sordid, and often tragic. A group of mothers came together to the office in one provincial town to tell of an elderly man who, on the fiction of tea parties, was luring their little girls to his rooms. Women are far less likely to bring even such serious troubles to the men of the force. They do not feel sure of understanding and sympathy, nor of wholehearted efforts at punishing such offenders.

The life of a woman on a local police force in Great Britain is full of variety. Her mind has no chance to become centered on one type of offense. Every sort of problem comes to her desk—overdue rent, housemaids turned off without pay, shoplifters, lost children, separated households, frightened folk and angry, and those who must be taught in no uncertain terms the rights of others and the reality of law. If the uniform is a sign of safety in the parks, it is because it is a symbol of retribution to those who prey on ignorance and weakness. To the police woman the task is not merely to help this and that individual case, but to develop public opinion and public habit, to build surroundings and circumstances in which life will be more decent, more safe, healthier, and more happy.

Water I'll Have

By DOROTHY BURGESS

Now it's water I'll have to live beside
If it's only a brook through a hollow.
It needn't be deep, nor yet be wide,
But alive for my eyes to follow.

Alive, with a voice that my heart may know
And a tale that my heart may hearken.
Over it swiftly wind will blow
As each day's shadows darken.

And the way of the water and wind will bring
Rest from a word once spoken,
Forgetfulness of a dreary thing,
And an old, old promise broken.

Down to the Sea in Ships

By FLORENCE MARY BENNETT

A generation or more ago Nantucket loomed large in American life and in the building of American character. The record of Nantucket is graved deep in her streets and her homes. This is the story of one of the men who helped to mold the spirit of this famous New England town

My seafaring grandfather, who sailed as master of his ship on many prosperous whaling voyages from the comely harbor of New Bedford, went for the last time in the homely adventurous quest almost at the very moment when war blazed out between South and North. He used to tell of a glimpse of the black hull of the Alabama, ominously upward bound on the watery hillside of the horizon; but he had the luck to escape an encounter. Oddly enough, the chance came for him to see her death struggle with the Kearsarge. For, off the Azores, he had dined on the Union warship, and Captain Winslow, his host, invited him to the duel, promising him a safe spot of vantage on the French coast, whence he might see the event, and safe passage thither and back again to his own vessel. (The tale speaks for Winslow's confidence in the issue.) But the captain of a whaler might not permit himself such an absence from duty. My grandfather's writing-desk, a fine affair made of rosewood, brass-bound and decorous, has in it now the special insurance papers, taken out at an unusually high rate, against the war. Rather ironically, he missed by a narrow margin in these the date which would have entitled him to a portion of the "Alabama claims." Those who know the well-seasoned stories of my grandfather's birthplace, Nantucket, tell of the handsome Raphael Semmes, who gayly commanded the famous English-built privateer, that he forewent an opportunity to shell Nantucket. "For," said he, "I've had too many good times at balls in that town to admit of my paying them in such a way for past courtesy." As a young officer in the United States Navy, he had often visited the island on tours of lighthouse inspection.

That in the '60's was, indeed, my grandfather's last voyage, but his life stretched out for many happy years thereafter in pleasant retirement at Nantucket, where he was a member of the Pacific Club, a genial band of whalers who met diligently in the building which they had purchased, the Rotch warehouse, an eighteenth-century brick structure, which once gave domicile to the Custom-House whence two of the "Tea Ships" cleared for London, there to receive that fatal cargo of 1773. Morning, noon, and night, those spiritual scions of Ulysses gathered to tell one another their "Odysseys." "It must be very beguiling conversation," my grandmother would remark when her husband would say on some cold day after their twelve-o'clock dinner: "Well, Mary, my dear, I guess I must be getting down 'long; there'll be quite a number at the Room this afternoon." The captains used to buy their newspapers on 'Change and read them together in the smoky atmosphere of their Room while they sat about the stove, their feet on the iron ring which encircled the sacred fire in a narrower band than that of their chairs. They subscribed individually to different Boston "dailies," and so there might be spicy interchanges of news. Enlivening bits were often repeated at tea time to the family. Most of those men were Democrats, of course, by rearing, sticklers for "free trade and sailors' rights." But

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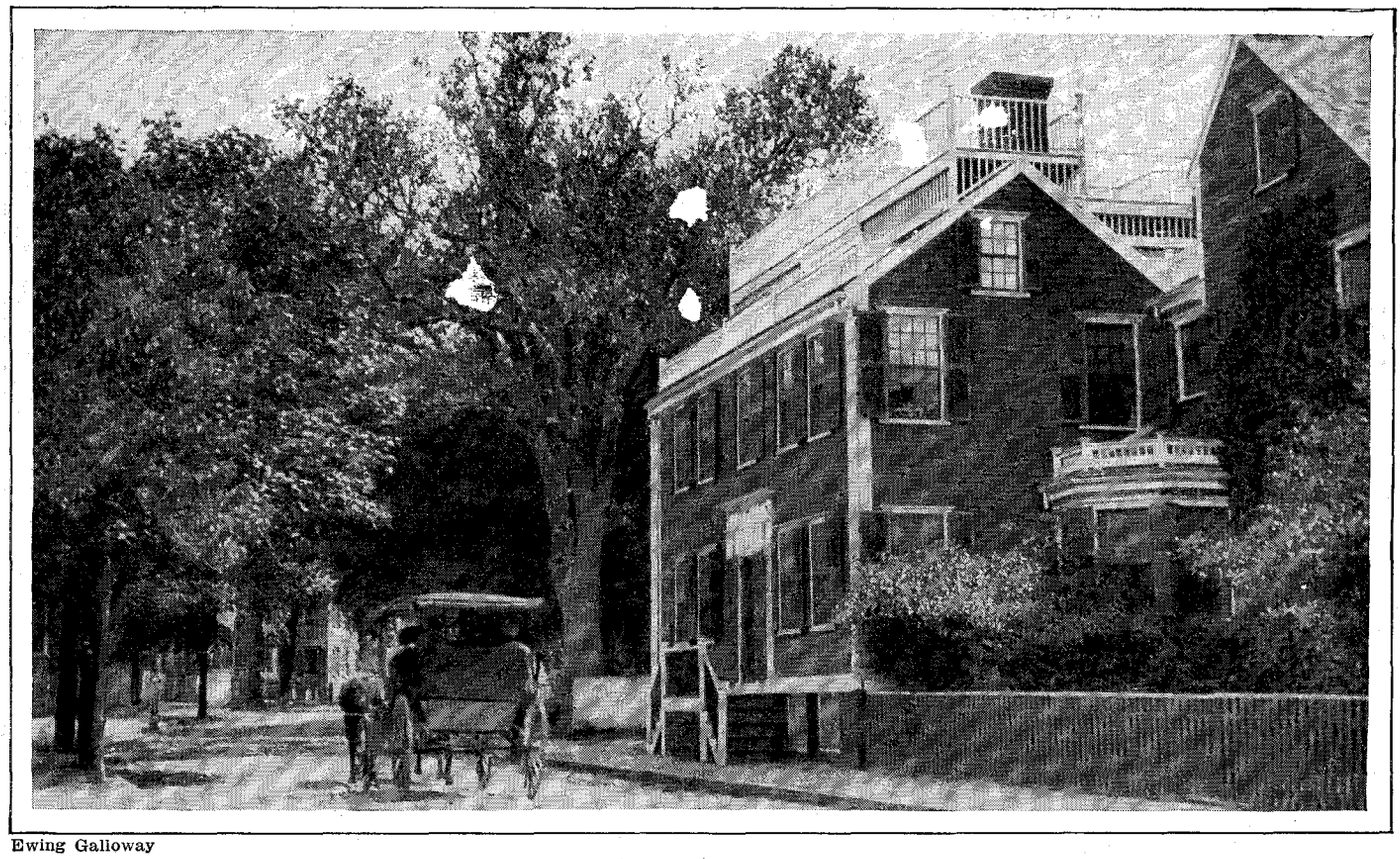

Ewing Galloway

The " Captain's Walk " on the roof of a house in old Nantucket—from which incoming vessels might be sighted

they had all voted for Lincoln, and, I think, most of them abode loyal to their change of politics. And yet—you know, that sort of men did not really tell at home how they voted, that being a gentleman's secret—my grandmother, who came from an ardent Whig household, suspected strongly that my grandfather voted for Grover Cleveland in the memorable campaign against Blaine. And this I can testify—very odd too it was that my grandmother, who was not meek, tolerated such an ever-present outrage to her Whig-Republican susceptibilities!—that throughout my childhood there hung in their sitting-room a large framed engraving of Cleveland's Cabinet. Connected with those readings of the news at the Room there is this merry tale which belongs to the time of the French defeat at Sedan. The elocutionist of the group had the floor and was giving his friends the Third Napoleon's tragic utterance, "*On me coupe.*" His pronunciation of the French may be divined by this remark, made after a suitable silence by one of the listeners: "They must have got the little fella in a pretty tight place if they got him on a coop!"

But, oh, what tales of adventure must have been recounted in that unlovely New England club-room! Curious to contrast the final experience of life which these mariners had in this peaceful town with those blood-quickening doings of their prime! My grandfather in his home was tremendously on guard lest he talk of his days at sea. Chiefly he feared that such narratives might incite his grandsons to follow his calling, which in those latter days was become very rough and dangerous to moral fiber, he believed. Also he shrank with proud disrelish from the stock reputation of a sailor as one good at spinning yarns. He was preeminently a lover of truth and a modest man. So one might best characterize him, if one will add to the picture the idea of his genial aspect, demeanor, and speech, of his fine face and robust good health, and will think of him too as a natural commander of men. That last, Mr. William McFee tells us, is a peculiar gift; and he knows whereof he speaks.

Our generation should understand that those master whalemen, whom a roving life, despite its hardships of physical and spiritual privation, had stamped with a lofty character, held a firm grip on self. There was among them an unspoken fidelity to their own *noblesse*. Witness their mute scorn of one who had once sat in their social conclave and who had forfeited the claims of home and manhood to the joys of easy living in the companionship of a "native woman somewhere in the islands." Their delicate tenderness to the *quasi* widow was incomparable. Grim were their locked lips toward an outsider's blundering mention of that man's name.

Subscription papers for whatever charity might be the order of the day were always circulated first at the Captains' Room, and never unavailingly. In his days of dwindling fortune my grandfather gave too generously, to be sure, to every cause that made its appeal to him. "Jack ashore is free with his money," is an old saying. But that does not entirely explain the loose purse-strings at the Room. These men had a reputation to maintain. And—God bless them!—the kind of hearts that they carried in their bosoms will account for that particular kind of reputation.

To confuse such a man as one of these with the "cap'n" of a fishing smack were— But why pursue the thought? The gaping summer resident in search of *local color* and *quaintness* does confuse them day after day and blazons that error far and near. Modern flippancy could not, in any case, savor the lives of these men. So why bemoan the stupid mistake?

"Come, Leesh, I show you!" A brown-eyed lad from the Azores leads my grandfather's little girl—my mother—up the steep garret stairway and points a dramatic index finger toward a durable sea-chest in that upper region. "Look, Leesh! Bimeby Cappy go to sea again and I accompanee. Look, my name! Cappy have it written there: 'Manuel Sanchez; Ship-a Rainbow; Pacific Ocean'!" The breadth of the address is a not ill-chosen gauge for the kind of life which these mariners led. Manuel was a cabin-boy imported for shore duties, such as blacking "Cappy's" boots and carrying parcels which that same august personage had purchased.

Picture the joys of the return from a Cape Horn voyage, one of three years! All the captains who chanced to be on

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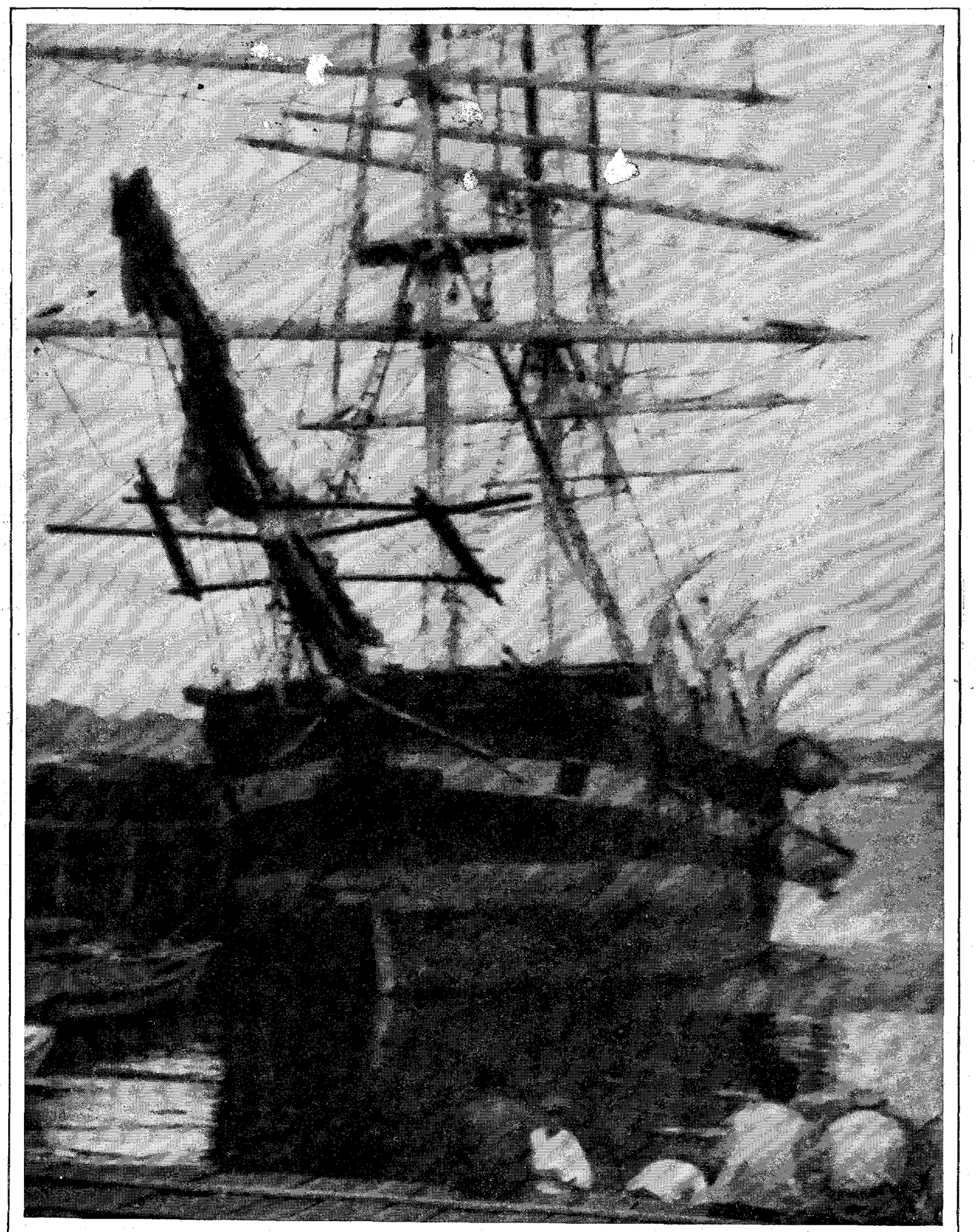

Photograph by Henry Hoyt Moore

An old whaling ship in "the comely harbor of New Bedford"

This is the Charles W. Morgan, seventy-odd years old, widely known as a whaler and still more widely known as a vessel used in filming a recent motion picture

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shore walked to the wharf to meet the home-comer, and this guard of honor escorted him to his house pedestrian-wise. *The cab* was for ladies only. One day two children had been playing together on Steamboat Wharf in a sail loft which belonged to the father of one of these little maidens. The boat from New Bedford had "blown" and was docking. "Come, Lizzie, quick, quick!" One of the girls was hurried by her uncle to a group of sea captains, all known to her except the one in the center, whom they were welcoming. "Well, Lizzie Plaskett, who's this?" was the question. "I don't know," she answered, quite abashed by the stranger's eyes, "unless it's my cousin George Henry Brock, home from sea." "No, child, no!" cried the man, catching her up in his arms. "It's your own father. Run and tell mother that I've come to surprise her."

That was a poignant moment for a father, showing the kind of coin which life wrings from the seaman. The child had been scarcely four years old when he sailed away. "Don't let her forget me." Such was the burden of his letters in absence. "Talk to her about me." His wife had faithfully performed her part, but of course the demand for recognition under those circumstances was unreasonable. My mother used to tell how among her earliest recollections was that of her mother's taking her in her lap and saying, "By and by the pigeon will come flying and say that father is on his way home." The child did not ask how the pigeon had the tidings or how it could impart them. But every pigeon that she encountered she viewed with veneration, believing that each bird of this kind knew always where her father was.

The women at home had to endure those long separations, the care of family, household, and property, and the constant bitter fear of disaster "somewhere." Fancy having random news of the ship whose fortune meant everything to you as being caught in the ice far north in the Pacific, or having been last seen riddled by a gale and scudding off angry Cape Horn! Letters came more or less by chance, as this ship or that fell in with another bound homeward. No telegraph then, except short cables between large cities. The wireless calls were all of heart to heart.

It was fashionable, as well as sensible and sentimental, for the captain about to depart to have his likeness taken singly and also on the same plate with that of wife and child. Those blessed daguerreotypes and ambrotypes! Somehow they reveal the true person rather magically. In early days, before Daguerre's bold enterprise, they used to have portraits painted in oils. The tradition is preserved in Nantucket of one Sally Gardner who did a thriving trade at this kind of thing. She is said to have been so rushed by business at certain seasons that in times of a lull she painted up a number of torsos, singly and in groups, everything except the heads, male and female, adult and child. The capital finish she added according to order. In some such manner Etruscan mourners are said to have been furnished with their sepulchral statuary.

However, among these whalemen and their kin it was not always a time of leave-taking. As I have hinted, there was also the cheer of arrivals. Fancy the delights of unpacking the fragrant sea-chests, fabrics of cedar and teak and sandalwood! How the treasures dazzled! Lacquered boxes and silks and embroideries from China and Japan, *piña* cloth—rolls of it—from the Philippines, shawls and sashes from India, shells and beads and other queer things from vague "Islands" of the sea, Spanish laces from South America, ingenious "scrimshaw" work—a present for every member of the family, "for all my sisters and all my wife's sisters"! And there would be chests of tea and casks of pickled limes and jars of mangoes and guava jelly and Chinese preserves. Oh, how good it smelled! How good it looked! And father at home to stay a whole year or more!

And what did they do on those long voyages? God love us! How little the women understood of the business that supported them! How meager were the details that satisfied them! Did they fear to arouse unexpectedly some serpent in the paradise which they briefly and at long intervals enjoyed? No. Seafaring was seafaring, like any other business, more or less dangerous, very exacting of patience and courage from all concerned. But that was all. More important to relate to husband the myriad of things that had happened while he was away. And he? He more than gladly forgot the hardship and the glamour and slipped into the sweet domestic ways.

Why, to him a trip by steamer to New Bedford and thence on by rail to Boston was hilarious adventure! Wife and child were driven to the boat in "the hack" with other ladies and children who might be about to voyage. Wife was established, honorably but uncomfortably, in the pilot-house—the master whaleman having a special *entrée* there—or, in prospect of invalidism by *mal de mer,* she might be comfortably deposited in the ladies' cabin. The captain strolled about free, masculine, unencumbered, but shining with the dignity of the family man. When the steamer neared New Bedford, the wild excitement of hailing a cab driver flared up. "Pussy Coffin" was the elect and select Jehu, a stout, red-faced man. If there were great competition among the travelers, how arduous was the bidding for "Pussy's" favor! Fingers were held up, hats waved, hands flung out. Then the triumphant but nonchalant visit to the cabin. "It's all right, Mary. I've got Pussy." How ignominious to be driven to the Mansion House by any but "Pussy"!

My mother used to tell of one special golden month which she spent at that Mansion House with her father and mother. She must then have been a little over twelve years old, and so details stood out clear in her mind for all time. A ship was building for my grandfather, a beautiful clipper ship, slim and agile-winged. It was a prime joy to the child to go with him to see this ocean creature "on the ways." Ah, the mystery and bustle of that harbor side! The days went by, filled with novel and glittering pleasures. But my grandmother grew sadder and sadder after the first two weeks of the visit were run.

"Oh, Henry, I'm so afraid you'll go some day without a word!" For the wife knew that he was a coward when it came to good-bys, dreading women's tears beyond all things.

"Come, come, Mary, there are days and days of work on her yet. She'll have to be launched first, you know. And then it will be days before we can sail. You'll know fast enough when the time comes."

The launching took place, and there were perhaps eight days between that and the memorable morning. My grandfather had gone down to the harbor for a look at his beauty. A note from him was brought to my grandmother, bidding her go up to the cupola of the hotel if she wished to see the ship sail away. "For my pilot has come aboard and we are weighing anchor. Good-by, Mary. God bless you and the child. Write often. Don't cry."

Of course she wept throughout that day. Is it to be wondered that the "child" carried forever in memory that image of the lovely clipper ship sailing on a spring morning from that sweet land-locked harbor?

He returned in safety and in honor from every arduous voyage. The stone that bears his name in Prospect Hill Cemetery on the island of his birth marks no cenotaph, as, alas! do many shafts in that sea-girt place.

Were they of a different breed, that generation? At any rate, I have not seen his like: commanding, firm as the ageless rocks, kindly, liberal, genial. None will err who writes him a Captain, although his commission was but of the old-time New England merchant marine. God send us master mariners again who shall resemble Henry Riddell Plaskett!

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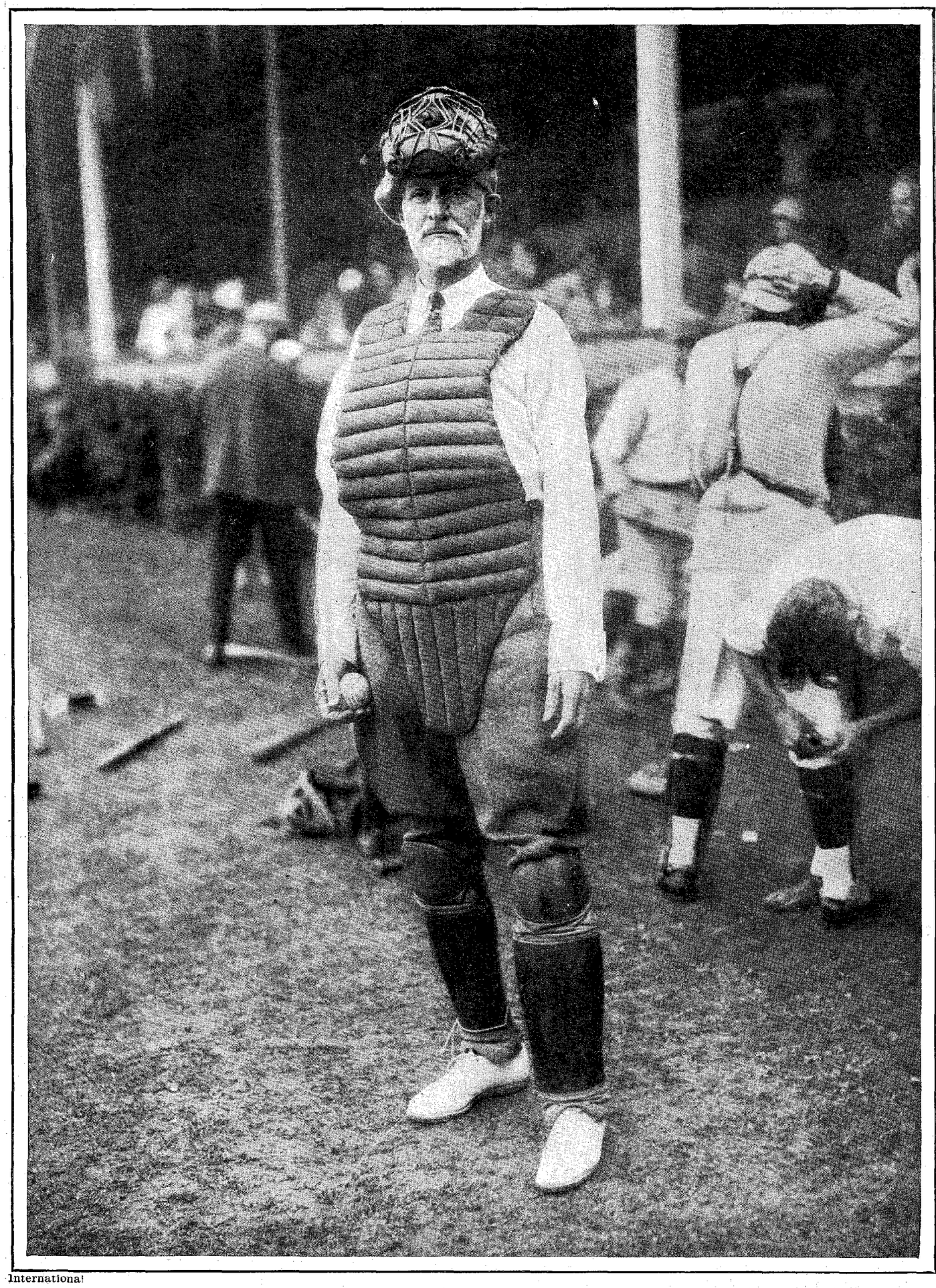
Admiral Sims in a New Rôle



International

Admiral Sims, around whose energetic head innumerable controversies have centered, is shown in the picture about to plunge into those dangerous controversies that center around a baseball field. The picture was taken during a field day at Newport

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The Book Table

Locke's Latest[1]

Reviewed by R. D. Townsend

A NEW story by W. J. Locke is something of an event in the fiction-reading world. The eagerness with which his novels continue to be welcomed by a wide circle of readers is the more remarkable when we consider the amount of his output. If we are not mistaken, "The Coming of Amos" rounds out a full score of Locke's novels which have been reviewed in this department. It could hardly be expected that all these stories should be even in quality and interest, but Mr. Locke does maintain with uniform success his story-telling facility and originality. The fact that readers and critics differ in choice when asked which of the Locke novels is the best shows that he can do many things well. To some, probably to the majority, "The Beloved Vagabond" appeals most strongly because of the delightful charm of the disreputable but poetical and lovable Paragot; others find equal whimsicality and greater appeal of human optimism in "Septimus" and care little that Septimus himself is entirely an improbable person because they are so charmed with his fascinating mixture of unselfishness and irresponsibility; while not a few readers of the more critical class deem "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne" (written before "Septimus" but only brought into prominence by the remarkable success of that book) to be the most delicately wrought of all the stories and to be improved rather than injured by what may be called its good-natured cynicism.

"The Coming of Amos," to be sure, cannot be ranked with the books just named, nor probably with at least two or three of the others; but it holds the reader's attention firmly and abounds in those sudden surprises and unexpected turns that are characteristic of the author. One feels sure that Mr. Locke himself thoroughly enjoyed the writing of the first part of the story. It has urbanity, leisureliness, and allows the author through the supposed narrator, a middle-aged painter who unjustly calls himself an egotist and hedonist, to talk with charm and appreciation of things that Mr. Locke himself deeply enjoys, such as the natural beauty of the Riviera and the deepening delight of the true painter when he works for his own satisfaction.

This is the part of the book which calls out one's undiluted admiration. Not so acceptable to the critic is the complication of sensational incidents in the latter part of the book, plot-stuff which the author thought himself bound to produce in order to please those to whom the plot of a story is the whole thing. We have a perfectly conventional South American villain, a scheme of blackmail, a sudden death which was partly accident and partly just vengeance, and a singular criminal situation growing out of the sale or pledging of a pearl necklace. In other hands such a plot might be called cheap and common, but Mr. Locke deals with it in twists and turns that are all his own.

The most arresting character in the book is naturally the "hulking innocent," Amos, who bursts in upon his uncle, the elegant painter of women's portraits and an intimate of extremely fashionable and rather sporty society. This raw youth from Australia, with plenty of money, brought up by a fiercely puritanical mother, and not only unsophisticated, but ignorant as to the ordinary manners and customs of civilized society, is as original in his way as Septimus and Paragot were in theirs. The uncle himself describes the situation in these words:

> And the pure, honest, direct simplicity of Amos! It was an education in life—painful perhaps—but no education can possibly be free from the fustigatory principle—it was an education to behold him sweep away social sophistries with a wave of his ham-like hand and delve to the bedrock of mortal values.

Naturally, Amos falls fiercely and suddenly in love with the Russian princess whose portrait his uncle is painting when he first comes upon the scene. The situation is tense, underneath the surface, because the uncle is himself in love with the princess. How the rough diamond Amos was developed into a man of persistent determination and how the love situation untangles itself must not be told here. But it is safe to say that, however correct the reader may be in his guess as to the conclusion, he will be astute indeed if he foresees just how it is brought about.

[1] The Coming of Amos. By William J. Locke. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

The New Books

FICTION

ANCIENT FIRES. By I. A. R. Wylie. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

An admirably told romantic tale of two men and a girl. The men are Britons, both natives of an old-fashioned English cathedral town, Stoneborough. Near by is an ancient castle, apparently lost to the Fitzroys. The boy Euan inherits the title of the long line of knights and baronets who were born there. The other boy, John Smith, comes from a family of charcoal-burners who have lived for generations on the estate. Beyond doubt he is a Fitzroy on the left side. He has inherited the beauty, wild spirits, and daring of the old race, while Euan is custodian of its more sober virtues. The strange bond of affection which holds these two, despite their contrasting natures and their rivalry in love, is skillfully brought out. How Lisbeth, too, Lisbeth the faithful and the womanly, can love them both and at first succumb to the lesser love is made credible and tolerable. The action carries us from rural England to Quetzelango, a turbulent American Republic somewhere south of Mexico, where General John Smith is a great and picturesque figure. All's well in the end, we must feel, for that spirited anachronism John Smith, as well as for Euan and his predestined Lisbeth.

ANDORRA. By Isabelle Sandy. Translated from the French by Mathilde Monnier and Florence Donnell White. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

This novel has been widely read and highly praised abroad. Kipling says he has read it more than once. Pierre Mille calls it the best novel she has read in a year. It has a fresh scene, for one thing, a new "localism." Andorra (perhaps the reader knows) is a tiny buffer-state in the Pyrenees, less than two hundred square miles in extent, and with a few thousand people. It is under the double suzerainty and protection of the Church and of France; it has no army, no written laws. It is a survival of the Middle Ages; its social system is patriarchal. All power belongs to the heads of families, and property goes down intact, not necessarily to the eldest son, but to the appointed heir. In short, here are intensified the typical conditions of peasant drama—turning upon the worship of land and of family authority. With love—the love of child and parent and of

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man and maid—they may be called the basic materials of all drama.

But the tang or accent is fresh, and enables the story-teller to give a new force to the ancient tale of greed and mother love, passion and pride, cruelty and devotion, and stoic endurance. A little place, a little people, and in their trivial history summed up the story of all mankind.

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE. By Ambrose Bierce. Albert and Charles Boni, New York. $2.

Reprint of some of the best of Bierce's stories—the Civil War tales and the stories of civilian life, mainly supernatural, grotesque, or horrible. The work of one of the foremost of American writers of short stories.

NEW CANDIDE (THE). By John Cournos. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

The characters of Voltaire's satire are revived, with new names, and sent through extravagant and satirical adventures in the modern world.

ORDEAL. A Novel. By Dale Collins. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.50.

A good story, suggestive of "The Admirable Crichton," yet vastly different in its dramatic tenseness, psychological rather than nautical in its main interest, although full of the different moods of the sea splendidly portrayed. It is additionally remarkable as a first novel. The villainous steward, who becomes the tyrant of the little group of refined people on board the derelict when the storm and his own mischief have placed them at his mercy, and who goes mad with the sense of unaccustomed power, is a striking and unusual figure.

ORNAMENTS IN JADE. By Arthur Machen. Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

Arthur Machen is so much an artist that he cannot be anything else. With him the form always stands an unchallenged first. Then comes the emotional mood embodied in and conveyed by that form. At the tail trails the thought—the intellectual attempt to establish a tangible, reliable, guiding line of cause and effect. Sometimes this element is so vague that a too casual survey of his work may even suggest its complete absence. The question whether this limitation on his part implies a failure of some kind leads us straight back to the old dispute between the ethical and the æsthetical theories of art as a creative factor in life, and that far we cannot go here. For the time being, at least, we must accept him for what he is, regardless of all theories, namely, a craftsman of almost uncanny skill. As such he appears at all but his very best in the little group of almost unclassifiable prose studies now published under the esoteric title of "Ornaments in Jade," a thin volume, handsomely printed and autographed by the author. In these stories, if such they can be called, he shows himself, as always, a master in the art of suggesting facts and feelings so subtle that plain words become too crude for their expression. Without appearing engaged in anything more extraordinary than a daylight walk along a crowded London street, or an aimless stroll through a dreamy wood, he carries us headlong into the realm of mystery. He cannot, it seems, write of the simplest thing without endowing it with a touch of what is more than natural—or less. And always the mystery of his suggestion is twofold in character. There is the mystery of the flesh—passion—and the mystery of the spirit—ecstasy. One finds it hard to tell which of the two preoccupies him most, and the truth of it is probably that he wishes or is forced to attempt a synthesis of both into a single, all-embracing mystery, which, if ever reached, might furnish us with the final key to the riddle of living. Perhaps it is not to be wondered that, when engaged in this pursuit, he is at times led into quests which may strike some readers as unwholesome and anything but spiritual. To put it more plainly, Machen is as much concerned with sex, in all its manifestations and aberrations, as any one of those Freudians for whom he has nothing but scorn to spare. But always he deals with it discreetly, as with a mystery, and always he seems striving to reach through the blind and noisome byways of passion to the sublime ecstasy of those "Holy, White and Shining Mysteries" which once, in a moment that became determining for all the rest of his life, were exhibited to him on a sidewalk in Holborn.

A clash of moral codes

Love vs. l'amour

The Little French Girl

By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

CANDID, fascinating and lovable, Alix, the little French girl, is sent to England in quest of the suitable marriage that her mother's indiscretions have made impossible in France. How, even there, the past lies like an abyss across her path, how she is enmeshed in the difference of social standards between the two countries, and how she finally, triumphantly, extricates herself is told in a novel that is one of the outstanding achievements of modern fiction.

$2.00 at bookstores

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

SHORELESS SEA (THE). By Mollie Panter-Downes. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

Why do reviewers love to spoil the clever writing infant by telling us that she writes like a grown-up? A British chorus has gone up over this ingenuous tale: "No handicap for age," "Quite unnecessary to judge her novel by any other standards than those applied to writers of more mature years," and so on. But the only virtue in the story is its ingenuousness. It is exactly the sort of thing a nice English girl of sixteen with a romantic fancy and an agile pen would write. It is silly, dreaming, pathetic sixteen—made articulate. There is nothing more touchingly comic in "The Young Visiters" than the episode of Guy and Deirdre and their blameless month together by the sea. Deirdre has always loved Guy, but fate has parted them. So she marries Terry (a lord), and she is awfully fond of Terry, too, but when Guy comes back into her life she can't resist him, or rather her feeling for him. "Let's be happy together for once," she cries; "do what we like, love as much as we like, and be happy—happy!" So they spend a month rapturously holding hands, after which Guy jumps off a cliff, and Deirdre, with a single gesture of abnegation, drifts easily and forever into the complaisant Terry's conjugal embrace!

STORY OF EROS AND PSCYHE (THE). Retold by Edward Carpenter. G. Allen & Unwin, London. $2.

Mr. Carpenter has translated and beautifully retold from Apuleius the fa-

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WEEK-END Parcel of 12 Books and a year's subscription to *Book Notes* for $1.90. The parcel contains the following titles printed in good clear type and bound in colored paper wrappers, size 5 x 7:

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NORTH OF FIFTY-THREE *by Rex Beach*
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MA PETTINGILL TALKS *by Harry Leon Wilson*
THE BEAUTIFUL LADY *by Booth Tarkington*
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mous story of Eros and Psyche. Some early poems of his own are added.

THEY WHO WALK IN THE WILDS. By Charles G. D. Roberts. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.25.

Nine stories of wild animals of the great, frozen and once unknown North—now pretty well explored by the naturalist, the writer, and the movie director. The animal up there no longer lives by his lone.

BIOGRAPHY

JOURNAL OF GEORGE FOX (THE). Prepared and Edited by Norman Penney, F.S.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

To the study of the religious instinct in man few works are of greater value than the journal of George Fox, the first Quaker, of which a carefully revised and judiciously abridged edition has now been published for the tercentenary celebration of his birth. This intensely human document is interesting both on account of the light it sheds on a very remarkable character and on account of its vivid portrayal of what men used to suffer for any deviation, however innocent, from the religious tenets having official and popular sanction.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

COBB OF "THE WORLD." Compiled by John L. Heaton. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $10.

After a biographical sketch of Frank I. Cobb, the book is composed of his editorial articles from the "World." Mr. Cobb was a vigorous writer; he made the editorial page of his paper widely admired, and he made the hearts of old-fashioned Democrats to glow. He was a good partisan, who sincerely believed that virtue is more certainly inherent in a Democrat than in a Republican. The latter word was, for him, next to a synonym for corruptionist. Open the book at random, and you may find sentences like this: "The fact of the matter is that the Republicans manufactured a crooked and fraudulent issue by their partisan attacks on the President's foreign policy, and Roosevelt promptly stole the issue."

There you have it. Smashing attack; "crooked" and "fraudulent" are the Republicans—they must be so, because they oppose a Democratic President (Wilson) whose foreign policy was necessarily celestial, just as the ace up Mr. Gladstone's sleeve was always put there by the Trinity. And this refers to a President whose foreign policy got grudging and divided support from his own party, and sometimes no support at all, but opposition. And Roosevelt did not adopt the Republican policy; he "stole" it. (Actually, he was far ahead of them in opposing Mr. Wilson's foreign policy.) Mr. Heaton says that Mr. Cobb probably thought far better of Mr. Roosevelt than Mr. Roosevelt did of Mr. Cobb. This is probably true; perhaps both of them were right.

Mr. Cobb was a latter-day modification of the old school of editors—not so vituperative as Watterson among the Democrats and Greeley of the Republicans, but he conducted a newspaper which is usually eminently fair in its news columns, and bitterly partisan on its editorial page. His ability as an editor was most pleasing to his fellow-partisans.

OUTLINE OF MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT (AN). By Chester C. Maxey. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $3.

The chief problems of city government clearly stated, with references to further reading and study.

THESE EVENTFUL YEARS: THE TWENTIETH CENTURY IN THE MAKING. As Told by Many of Its Makers. 2 vols. The Encyclopædia Britannica Company, New York. $11.50.

These two volumes of more than 1,400 pages together, counting inserted illustrations, aim at giving a complete political, social, economic, and cultural history of our new century up to date. While prepared and issued by the Britannica Company, they have nothing in common with the encyclopædia and do not aspire to the character of such a work. They are meant for reading rather than for mere reference, and the subject-matter within their scope is treated accordingly. The names of the eighty-four authors represent recognized expert knowledge in the fields covered, respectively, by each one of them. Every shade of opinion is represented, and, on the whole, the work seems strictly impartial in its tone. Some of the articles, particularly in the cultural part of the volumes, are of high value and interest, while all but a very few of them must be held useful and well presented. The chief criticism provoked by the work in its entirety is that too much of the emphasis has been laid on political and military events, and more particularly on the war. One must also question the fairness as well as wisdom of selecting such men as General Ludendorff and Grand-Admiral von Tirpitz to present the German side of the war history. The inclusion of outpourings like theirs in a work of this kind can only serve to place difficulties in the way of the real peace for which all right-thinking men and women are hoping at the present moment.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

SOME CONTEMPORARY AMERICANS: THE PERSONAL EQUATION IN LITERATURE. By Percy H. Boynton. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. $2.

With both truth and wit Mr. Boynton considers E. A. Robinson, Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Amy Lowell, Theodore Dreiser, other writers, and other topics pertinent to an understanding of current American literature. He contrives to be penetrating and amusing without adopting the Donnybrook-Mencken method of hitting every head in sight; and to have thoughts of his own without following the easy plan of disagreeing always with the majority, without regard to right or wrong. Of Van Wyck Brooks's much-touted book on Mark Twain he truthfully says: "It is a mode of thinking that feeds on dissent, woos paradoxes, delights in hidden meanings, and espouses new theories on sight."

Mr. Boynton, in a small book, not only gives the facts about ten or a dozen important writers, but makes illuminating comment upon them.

UNDER DISPUTE. By Agnes Repplier. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

Perhaps the finest of the twelve essays in this little book is "The Masterful Puritan." It is sententious, witty, satiric, without a sneer; it strikes at the heart of the subject; it says much in little. The praise of the exercise of intolerance as a means of amusement is highly entertaining and convincing. The essay "Allies" is a penetrating study of international psychology. "Strayed Sympathies" is prefaced by a quotation from Stevenson and was evidently inspired by him; unfortunately, it provokes the wonder what R. L. S. would have done with the theme, and one decides he would

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have done much better. Miss Repplier is forthright, incisive, witty; but she lacks the whimsicality, she does not give us the *nuances,* the bouquet, of a Stevenson or a Lamb. Similarly, in reading "The American Laughs," one could perhaps wish it were Hazlitt handling that subject in his analytical, caustic way.

But this kind of comparison is none too profitable. If Miss Repplier is deficient in certain qualities we admire in others, in respect of other qualities she is richly endowed. She has a very keen eye for the most characteristic American weaknesses, foibles, and vices—bunk, cant, smugness, the cult of efficiency, the habit of meddling, etc.—and satirizes them pleasantly and effectively. She is indeed one of the chief ornaments of American letters.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

IN AND UNDER MEXICO. By Ralph McA. Ingersoll. The Century Company, New York. $2.50.

The lively experiences of an American mining engineer in Mexico.

JERUSALEM; A HISTORICAL SKETCH. By Lionel Cust. The Macmillan Company, New York.

A fine book about the city whose capture was one of the gratifying incidents of the Great War. Excellently illustrated with drawings by Major Benton Fletcher.

LURE OF MONTE CARLO (THE). By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.50.

You may be, like the writer of this, the least sporting of human beings. You may never risk a nickel on a race or an election, and yet you may enjoy, as he did, these curious and amusing stories of the most celebrated gambling-place in the world.

OUR SECOND AMERICAN ADVENTURE. By Arthur Conan Doyle. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $3.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's travels in North America while delivering lectures on spiritualism. While he discusses other subjects than psychic ones, he is interesting, as he always is, and the kindly nature of the man is everywhere apparent. His comments on spiritualism will be tolerable only to his fellow-believers; to others he seems painfully credulous.

SELECTED PAPERS ON ANTHROPOLOGY, TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION. By Sir Richard Burton. Edited by N. M. Penzer. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $4.

"A Day among the Fans" sounds like an article by a baseball reporter, but these Fans are the "so-called cannibal tribes of the Gaboon country," and the essay is one in some "Selected Papers" from the writings of that strange personage, Sir Richard Burton. It is an odd and attractive collection upon such subjects as the city of Mecca, the gentle custom of taking scalps, African tribes, and spiritualism in Eastern lands.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

FROM GOETHE TO BYRON. By William Rose. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

Weltschmerz, or the sense of universal misery, is a very real thing—a highly significant state of mind connected with periods when one civilizatory phase is going to seed and another one has not yet begun to bloom. The ancient world is supposed not to have known it, but we may be sure that the age preceding the arrival of Christianity was rife with it. In modern times it found its first definite literary expression through the group of German writers surveyed by Mr. Rose in a volume that, without having anything strikingly novel to offer, is worthy of attention at a time when a new spell of the old malady seems due.

SCIENCE

COMMONSENSE OF HEALTH (THE). By Stanley M. Rinehart, M.D. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

How to keep well, and what to think and to do about the common diseases.

HAUNTED HOUSES. By Camille Flammarion. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

If M. Flammarion is a scientist, then this is a scientific as it is an extensive examination of haunted houses in various countries. It does not wholly explain why ghosts come from the grave merely to upset the fire-irons and beat upon tin pans in the kitchen cupboard.

MISCELLANEOUS

STUDIES IN MURDER. By Edmund Lester Pearson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

To the true connoisseur in murder literature the fascination is in mystery and not in brutality. This book shows that recent unsolved crimes like the Hall and Elwell murders had their parallels a generation ago. The poet who insisted that, though "murder may go unpunished for a time," yet "tardy justice will o'ertake the crime" wrote before the Borden and Nathan trials puzzled every one and convicted no one; on the other hand, in the Boorn case justice, far from being tardy, was so precipitate that a man was nearly hanged for a "murder" that was never committed. In the case of Mate Bram there was a conviction but no execution, and to this day it is hard to reconcile the conflicting evidence or to feel that the mystery was quite cleared up.

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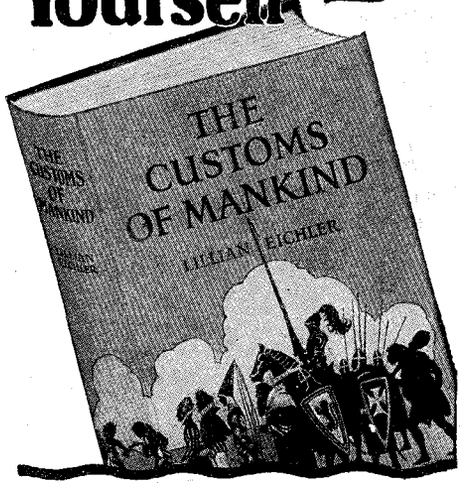

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Books Received

FICTION

ALL BY OURSELVES. By Mary Sherwood Wright. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

OPEN-AIR NURSERY SCHOOL (THE). By E. Stevinson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.

EDUCATIONAL

HISTORY OF CURRENCY IN THE UNITED STATES (A). By A. Barton Hepburn. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

METHODS IN ADULT ELEMENTARY EDUCATION. By Nina Joy Beglinger. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 80c.

MISCELLANEOUS

GREAT BETRAYAL (THE). By Edward Hale Bierstadt. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.50.

INDIVIDUAL AND THE COMMUNITY (THE). By R. E. Roper, M.A., M. Ed. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

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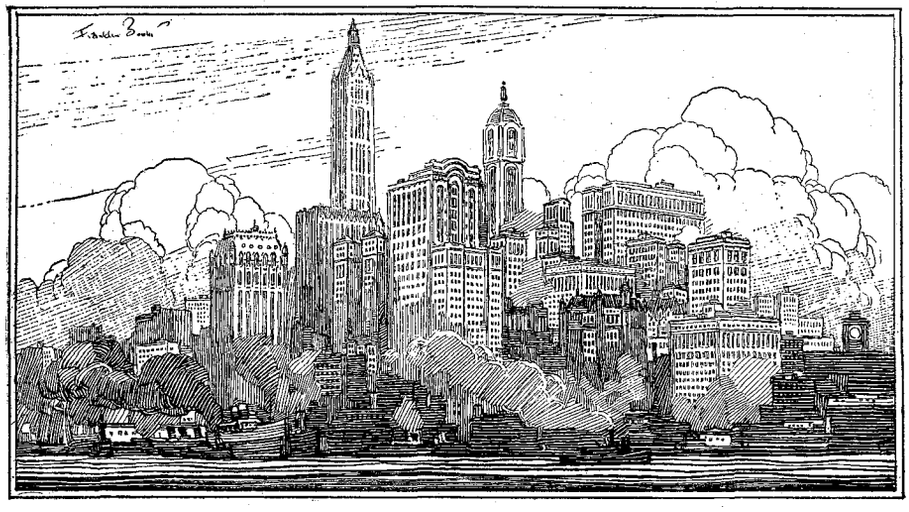
The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Death Duties

By WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

THE people of this country are just beginning to realize that there has developed here an extraordinarily cumbersome, complicated, and frequently unjust system of inheritance taxes. Up to a recent date this system affected chiefly the larger estates, and hence criticism came from relatively few sources. But as more and more States have enacted laws of this kind, the situation has become more and more involved, and is now one for genuine concern to all persons having property to leave, whether in the millions or only a few thousand dollars.

The Outlook has been requested to publish some information on State inheritance taxes. One such request is from a



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person of small means whose property is in various stocks and bonds. "I live in Connecticut," writes this correspondent, "have a banking account in New Jersey, the stocks and bonds were bought from brokers in New York, some of the stock corporations having their head offices in yet other States. At my death, would all these States take toll? Can one by will make the estate pay the inheritance or legacy taxes before division?"

It is a curious commentary on the whole situation that we can unqualifiedly answer only one of these questions definitely. By will you can, and in most wills testators do, order the executor to pay all death duties out of the estate, so that the legatees will receive (if there are sufficient funds) just what the will sets aside for them. They *might* receive this in the absence of express provision by the maker of the will; but the safe thing is for the will to be clear on this point.

The other questions put by this reader are typical questions which have doubtless occurred to many who have thought at all of these matters. Before discussing generally the subject of death duties, the best practical advice that can be offered is that the holders of securities should make careful inquiry of tax specialists. Every large banking and bond house has some one on its staff who makes it his business to know the State and Federal laws on death duties. Trust companies in particular, with their experience in settling estates, have special knowledge of this situation.

The term "death duties" is the most accurate generic term to describe what are variously called inheritance, estate, legacy, succession, and transfer taxes. Some four or five States have two sets of death duties under different names. The Federal Government imposes an estate tax. Most of the States have some tax of this kind, and the probabilities are that all will sometime have it.

Essentially, a death duty is a tax, not on property, but on the transfer of property—that is to say, on the right to receive and the right to transmit, or on the right to transmit alone. What promotes complications and confounds confusion is the fact that the property of a decedent is taxed, or may be taxed, under a great many jurisdictions, so that there is in effect *multiple* taxation. A person dying in New York State, owning shares in railways, public utilities, and manufacturing concerns in six other States,

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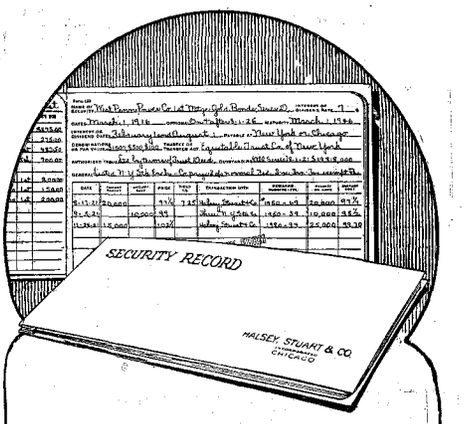

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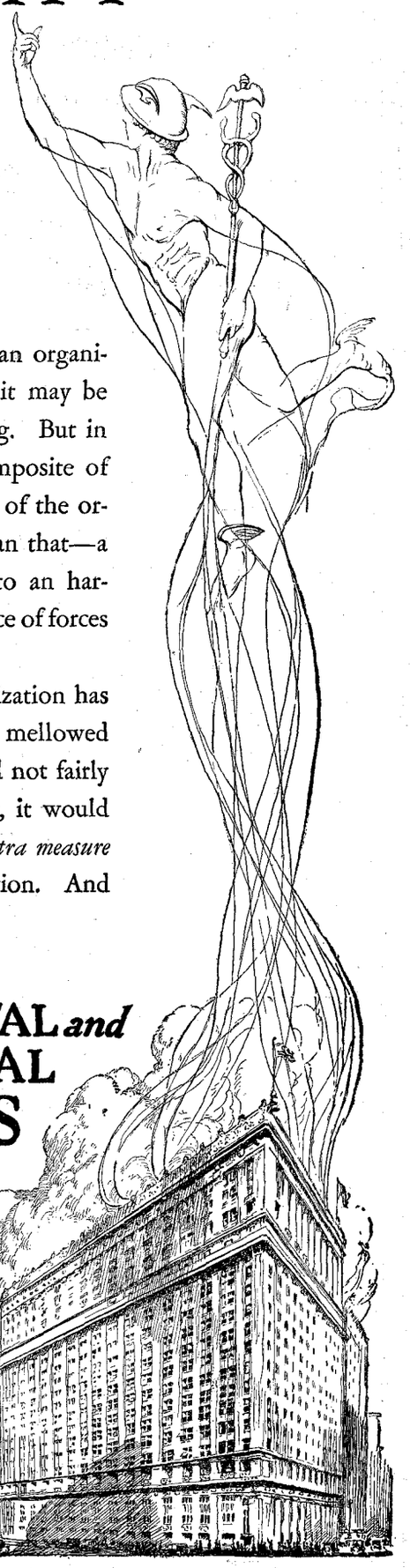

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may be taxed not only at home but also in all the other States.

The following paragraphs from the Prentiss-Hall tax service give an idea both of this confusion and of the rapidly changing character of the situation:

One of the most important questions arising under the inheritance tax laws is in relation to the taxation of intangible property owned by a non-resident decedent. Some States, for instance, will tax stock of a domestic corporation where owned by a non-resident decedent, but will not tax the bonds. Others make the taxability of such bonds dependent upon whether they are physically located within the State; whether they are registered, and also, in some instances, whether they are secured by real property.

Again, some States attempted to impose a tax upon the transfer of stock of a foreign corporation owned by a non-resident decedent. Yet, with almost unvarying unanimity, the courts of these States have decided that such a law was unconstitutional. Such decisions have been handed down by the courts of Massachusetts, New York, Illinois, Idaho, Oklahoma, and, finally, by the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, where the theory was more highly and scientifically developed than in any other State of the Union. Then, when it seemed fairly well settled that such a provision was invalid and unconstitutional, the Supreme Court of North Carolina handed down a decision which was of purely academic importance, because the law imposing a tax upon the transfer of stock of foreign corporations owned by a non-resident decedent had been repealed at the prior session of the Legislature, to the effect that such an imposition was valid and Constitutional. The North Carolina case will now be carried to the United States Supreme Court, and it is anticipated that the proponents and opponents of this proposition will make a most aggressive fight to sustain their point. This is only another illustration of the rapid changes made in the inheritance tax laws by decisions of the courts, and the important variations occurring in the interpretation of like provisions by the courts of different States. In determining the tax due to the various States, problems of this nature are bound to arise, and, to a considerable extent, answers to the questions raised are found in the tables of taxable property of non-resident decedents, which follow the rate charts of the various States, in those instances where such property is subject to tax.

An interesting further complication is the so-called "reciprocity" arrangement between States. For example, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maryland, Tennessee, Georgia, and Wyoming are on this basis. If a Georgian dies and leaves

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stock in a Massachusetts corporation, that stock is exempt from the Massachusetts inheritance tax if it is subject to a tax of like character and amount in Georgia, and *vice versa*. In reciprocity lies the possibility of some degree of order emerging from the present chaos. But reciprocity does not completely solve the difficulty, because if the Georgia tax is at a lower rate than the Massachusetts tax the estate must pay Massachusetts the difference.

Because of these complexities, which the present article can only briefly touch on, the broad fact remains that the way to avoid excessive inheritance taxes is to invest in securities which are subject to the laws of only one State and the Federal Government. This would limit investments very strictly; too strictly, indeed, to be practicable.

In view of the excessive amount of taxes imposed by State and Federal death duties, many people are purchasing life insurance, which is made payable to a trustee or some beneficiary (*not* to their estate, because it, too, would then be taxable), for the purpose of paying death duties. This is an expense, of course, but the cost to the policy-holder may be more than offset by the satisfaction of having in advance taken care of a very heavy deduction from his property.

It is estimated by good authorities that each year in the United States about $200,000,000 is collected in State and Federal death duties. If, as, and when governmental costs go down, the tendency will be, perhaps, to lighten this impost. Thanks also to a gradually arousing public opinion, it is highly probable that some of the worst complexities and injustices of the present death duty *mêlée* will be simplified. Just now, however, it is hard to give any one any specific advice which will still be good at any indefinite future date.

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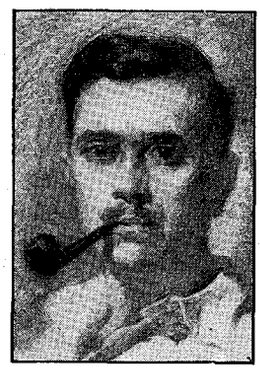

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Rock Ridge Hall, Wellesley Hills, Mass. Fine location. Running water in bedrooms. Pleasant forest walks and country drives. Our table a specialty. $15-$25 a week.

New York

St. MORITZ HOTEL
In the Adirondacks
LAKE PLACID, N. Y.
Thoroughly renovated, running water, telephones, rooms with private bath and en suite. Boating, fishing, tennis, golf, and hunting in season. Special rates for September and October. Descriptive booklet furnished on request.
P. J. AUGSBERGER, Prop.

New Hampshire

BEMIS CAMPS
OVERLOOKING KIMBALL LAKE
Near the White Mountains. The place you've always wanted to know about, where you could rest and enjoy yourself. Boating, bathing, fishing, tennis, horseback riding, mountain climbing. Nights around the campfire. Private cabins. Reduced rates for September. Address H.C. Bemis, South Chatham, N.H.

Maine

CAMP CEBENNEK On beautiful Torsey Lake, Readfield, Maine, open until Nov. 1. Wonderful black bass fishing, canoeing, duck and partridge shooting. Excellent food, comfortable cabins. $25 per week. No extras. Address JOHN A. CHASE, Kent's Hill, Maine.

Connecticut

The Wayside Inn
NEW MILFORD, Litchfield Co., Conn.
In the foothills of the Berkshires. Open all the year. An ideal place for your summer's rest. 2 hours from New York. Write for booklet. Mrs. J. E. Castle, Proprietor.

Colorado

S. L. W. RANCH Western ranch life.
Modern—hunting, riding. Open all year. Booklet on request. Greeley, Col.

New Jersey

The BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
"A House of Hospitality"
Where a restful old-time environment is combined with home-like charm. Enjoy Sept. here—the month delightful at the seashore. One block from the ocean. Carrie E. Stroud, Owner-Mgr., North Asbury Park, N. J.

Canada

CANADA'S WILDS — NORTHERN ONTARIO
TIMAGAMI Wabi-Kon Camp Lake Timagami Ontario, Canada
A real North Woods Bungalow Camp in the heart of four million acres virgin forest—1502 lakes. Wonderful fishing. Guides, Boats, Canoes and Launches. Bathing, Tramping. One night from Toronto. Excellent table. Write for booklets. Address Miss B. ORR, Wabi-Kon Camp, Timagami, Ont.

Boarders Wanted

Elderly person, needing nurse's attention, secretarial or personal maid service, offered ideal accommodations in my home. 530 Riverside Drive, Apt. 5A. Near 123d St.

Tours and Travel

Registrations are now being received for:

TOURS to EGYPT
Palestine, Greece and Italy
with
Dr. POWERS & Dr. ALLEN
Sailing Jan. 5, 17 and Feb. 25, 1925
BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
15 Boyd Street Newton, Mass.

THE beauty, fascination, and mystery of the Orient lures visitors from all over the world to

JAPAN

The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook" to
JAPAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION
Care Traffic Dept.
IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
TOKYO
for full information
Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, $5-6 in cities and popular resorts, $4-5 in the country

WORTHWHILE TOURS
Fifteenth Season—1925
(A) EUROPE via the MEDITERRANEAN, $919.00
(B) TOUR of the WORLD, 174 days, $3,100 to $3,450
Outside rooms with bath.
Number limited, ⅓ of the space already taken.
Write NOW to
WORTHWHILE TOURS, Boston 30, Mass.

Six Months in Europe Small private party with experienced chaperon-guides. France, Italy, Sicily, Greece, Egypt, and London. Sailing in October. References required. Apply now to Miss GILMAN, 96 Chestnut St., Boston.

Health Resorts

"INTERPINES"
Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 26 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Sr., M.D., Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.

THE BEECHES, PARIS HILL, ME. Health resort for delicate, convalescent, or elderly ladies seeking rest and quiet recreation in the invigorating climate of Maine. Bountiful table, large, comfortable rooms, moderate rates. Address inquiries P. O. Box 252, Norway, Me.

Real Estate

New York

For Sale, Unfurnished, or For Rent, Furnished
"THE KNOLL"
the home of the late Dr. Lyman Abbott at
CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.
The house contains twelve rooms, three baths, lavatory, electric lights, and steam heat. There are on the property also a cottage, with bath and electricity, and a garage and cow barn. About two and a half acres of land afford ample room for garden. Many shade and fruit trees. Views of mountains and river. Address
J. N. ENGBERS
Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Unusual Opportunity
to locate club, school, or sanitarium, on beautiful property in the foothills of the Adirondacks, seven hours from New York. Fine buildings, with spring water and electricity. Address 2,649, Outlook.

South Carolina

On St. Helena Island, S. C. For Rent, furnished, a country home, facing the water. Hunting and fishing. Address Mrs. Macdonald, Frogmore Manor, Frogmore P.O., Beaufort Co., S.C.

South Dakota

FOR SALE 640-acre improved ranch, two miles from town. Splendid 10-room house, large barn, hoghouse and outbuildings. Must sell because of ill health. Splendid chance for investment while land prices are low.
J. CLYDE PETRIE, Reliance, S. D.

Vermont

FOR SALE A charming cottage at Woodstock, Vt. About two acres of grand orchard and garden. Within five-minute walk of Woodstock Inn golf links. Every modern convenience. Hardwood floors throughout. Price $9,000. Apply to George Hannah, Woodstock, Vt.

Live Stock

The World's Largest Dog Kennels
offer for sale Oorang Airdale watch dogs, automobile dogs, children's companions, farm dogs, stock drivers, hunters and retrievers. Also Big Game Hounds, Coonhounds, Foxhounds, Rabbit Hounds, and thoroughbred Hound and Airedale puppies. Satisfaction and safe delivery guaranteed to any point in the United States. Large illustrated descriptive catalog mailed free.
OORANG KENNELS, Box 146, LA RUE, OHIO

A Mart of the Unusual

Sweet Cider. Pasteurized, quart glass containers, direct from farm. Sealed sweet, keeps sweet. Circulars and prices on request. Lee o' the Mountain, Wilton, N. Y.

Let me sell your slightly used gowns, suits, wraps, and children's clothing on commission. More satisfactory than to sell for cash. MAY A. SHANNON, Wakefield, R. I.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES MANUSCRIPTS

SPARE-time non-fiction writing. Requires no literary genius. Income limited only by time you can give. Wonderful opportunities. Scores of subjects everywhere. Let me prove it. Write for the evidence of what I can do for you. Learn how to achieve financial independence. Floyd L. Darrow, author, journalist, and teacher, Ashville, Chautauqua County, New York.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

CO-OPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE. Institutional executives, secretaries, social workers. Housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers. Governesses, companions, mothers' helpers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite D 5842, Washington, D. C.

LADIES (society, club, or teachers) as representative of operatic, musical, dramatic, and æsthetic dancing institution to enroll applicants. Commission $35 to $47.50 each enrollment. Communications confidential. Write particulars, care Evans, 210 West 69th St., Apt. 46.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Dependable woman as helper in a home for delinquent girls in Virginia. A splendid opportunity for the right one to train into the position of assistant superintendent. Write fully first letter. State age, church connection, education, qualifications, working experience, if any, references, salary expected, etc. Address 5,331, Outlook.

MAN and wife for country home near Philadelphia. Man poultry, fruit. Wife cooking. Address Box 54, Cotuit, Mass.

WANTED—Nursery governess or mother's helper, Protestant, over 25. 2 girls, 3 and 7, headmaster's family, Chestnut Hill Academy, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa. Appointment by letter for interview, New York, September 20. Address Mrs. T. R. Hyde, Vineyard Haven, Mass.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED, for school of high grade backward children, man to teach manual vocations to boys. Woman to teach articulation and secondary academic branches. References required. State experience and salary desired. Address 5,339, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

POSITION wanted October first by colored man of character and ability. Excellent references. Would take entire charge of dining room and pantry in small club, exclusive private school or inn catering to refined clientele. Can be interviewed in New York. Any reasonable remuneration commensurate with proven ability accepted. 5,353, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED librarian desires position in California. Cataloging, reference or general library work. Good references. 5,365, Outlook.

CATALOGING, research, or other library work wanted by experienced librarian. References furnished. 5,366, Outlook.

YOUNG lady possessing good education, intelligence, initiative, and capable of faithful devotion to duties desires responsible position; knowledge of French and shorthand. Unquestionable references. 5,361, Outlook.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

LADY desires position in girls' school or institution. Experienced in all kinds of institution work. 5,342, Outlook.

CULTURED young lady with musical education as traveling or social companion. 5,357, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged lady of culture wishes position as chaperon to one or more young ladies, United States or Europe, or housemother in a school. Excellent references. 5,360, Outlook.

REFINED, cultured lady for position of chaperon or companion to young girl or lady. Experienced traveler. Exceptional references. 5,359, Outlook.

RESPONSIBLE position, club or hotel, or companion to older woman—not an invalid. Refined home essential. 5,362, Outlook.

POSITION as housekeeper or companion by middle-aged gentlewoman. Modest salary accepted for light agreeable work. References. Experience. 5,371, Outlook.

LADY with successful experience desires home-making position for middle-aged or elderly man. References. Give details. 5,370, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as housekeeper, companion, or chaperon. References exchanged. 5,374, Outlook.

POSITION as preceptress or matron. 5,373, Outlook.

MOUNT Holyoke graduate, 45, position as companion. 5,369, Outlook.

POSITION wanted about October 1 by woman of culture as housekeeper in widower's home or for business people where there will be no objection to well brought up boy of school age. Country preferred. References exchanged. 5,368, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

EXPERIENCED man teacher desires position. 5,297, Outlook.

TEACHER of French and elementary grades wishes position for either school or family. Had experience in private schools and studied abroad. 5,350, Outlook.

CULTURED young Southern woman, college graduate, experienced teacher, desires position as governess or companion. 5,363, Outlook.

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

PERSONAL STATIONERY—200 single or 100 double sheets, 100 envelopes, printed in dark blue on good bond paper, $1. Frank B. Hicks, Macedon Center, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

WOMAN of refinement desires to chaperon two young girls in her exclusive Park Avenue apartment for the winter. Operas, lectures, and educational advantages if desired. References exchanged. 5,341, Outlook.

A mother, who is a widow and college graduate, thoroughly understanding the physical care and moral training of girls, will assume entire responsibility of girl from seven to fourteen years old. Exceptional home in Rochester, New York. Highest references. 5,340, Outlook.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

With the rush of Fall activity, place your wants in The Outlook Classified Section. It reaches a selected group of people in a selected manner of classification. Your advertisement just cannot get lost. Comments like "Because I saw it in The Outlook Classified Section, I have more faith in it," indicate the worth of advertising in The Outlook.

Department of Classified Advertising

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

381 Fourth Avenue New York City

By the Way

Flower lovers and physicians alike will be amused by Susan Ertz's skit on flower names in her novel "Madame Claire:"

"I am so sorry you are feeling less well. How is the phlebitis? No one ought to suffer from anything with such a pretty name. Did you ever stop to think that the names of diseases and the names of flowers are very similar? For instance, I might say, 'Do come and see my garden. It is at its best now, and the double pneumonias are really wonderful. I suppose the mild winter had something to do with that. I'm very proud of my trailing phlebitis, too, and the laryngitises and deep purple quinsies that I put in last year are a joy to behold. The bed of asthmas and malarias that you used to admire is finer than ever this summer, and the dear little dropsies are all in bloom down by the lake, and make such a pretty showing with the blue of the anthrax border behind them!'"

From the Knoxville (Iowa) "Express:"

WANTED—ANY KIND OF WORK; day, week or month. Meat cutter, nurse, janitor or cook. Could start Monday. I— D—, Knoxville, Route 8.

The New York "Times" publishes the following as a "society note:"

LONDON, July 20.—So seldom is a baby born on one of London's subway trains that the christening recently of Thelma Ursula Beatrice Eleanor (whose initials spell T. U. B. E., the English equivalent for subway) was an affair which attracted the attention of Lord Ashfield, head of the subway system, and many other railway officials.

"To be similarly honored in New York," the "Times" says, getting in under the Mayor's guard, "the child would probably be christened Margaret Alice Yvonne Olga Rose Helen Ysolde Laura Aliette Nancy Selma Sarah Ursula Beatrice Wanda Aline Ysobelle."

A subscriber writes:

"The story of the bright boy in your column for July 23 reminds me of one that has bearing on the present-day 'fundamentalist' controversy.

"The boy in question, later for many years a highly respected judge in Massachusetts, was at the time of the story about five years of age and not yet able to read; it was his mother's habit to read to him a portion of the Bible Sunday afternoons. This Sunday it was about Joshua commanding the sun to stand still, and as she closed the Good Book there came this question, 'Mother, what do you think about that story?' Not having a good answer ready 'Mother' asked, 'Well, William, what do *you* think of it?' To which the future judge, after a little deliberation, replied: 'Well, *I think it's a good deal 'magination.*'

"If the fundamentalists and literalists would only allow for a little imagination, how much of the bitterness of the present day would be eliminated!"

The editor of the London "Sphere" apologizes in a recent issue for thinking of the Republic of Esthonia (Estonia) as "a place in one of Anthony Hope's romances, or even in 'The Arabian Nights.'" He has discovered, he says, that Estonia has a history, a life, and a literature of its own; interesting scenery, great public buildings, a theater larger than Drury Lane, and university buildings "as formidable as anything in Oxford or Cambridge."

Sometimes even Government documents are funny. A "Memorandum to the Press" from the Interior Department says: "The Moqui Indian Agency in Arizona will no longer be known by the name of 'Moqui.' It was changed today to the Hopi Indian Agency by a special order issued by Commissioner Burke of the Indian Office when the discovery was made that the word 'Moqui' is not a regular Indian name but is a slang term of supreme contempt and derision. In the Indian language it means nothing more or less than 'The Dead Ones,' and was first applied to some of the Hopi Indian tribes by their enemies."

Our readers seem to like riddles. Here is another one from a correspondent:

A thing you cannot buy, yet any day
The poorest beggar may the best display;
Which kings do never own, yet sure am I
For that sweet luxury they often sigh;
A thing so hol(e)y that we stay our feet,
Which we do often toast, yet never eat;
A thing made sacred by a mother's tears,
A good soft yielding thing which no one fears,
Which brides do never wear, yet woe the day
When without one a bride shall go away.

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